MARION WEEKLY STAR.

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WASHINGTON TELEGRAMS

GENERAL HAZEN PROPOSES TO REORGANIZE THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

A Plan Submitted to the Secretary of War. Report of a Land Investigation—Work in the Pension Bureau—A Pension Agent Sentenced to the Penitentiary.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—Gen Hazen, chief signal officer, proposes to reorganize the signal service, and has submitted to the secretary of war a plan in the shape of a carefully prepared bill, in which he proposes to establish the signal service as a bureau of the war department, having charge of weather predictions, army signal duty and military telegraph lines. The officers of the bureau, under Gen. Hazen's plan, will be, as at present, a chief signal officer with the rank of brigadier general, and such commissioned officers, sergeants and privates as are now provided by law.

In a communication to the secretary of war accompanying the proposed reorganization Gen. Hazen states that the scheme is prompted by experience and careful observation. Whatever the signal service has done and is now doing, he says, has been the result of disconnected legislation, usually appended to appropriation acts, and while there is no doubt but that the scope of its work is thoroughly defined it would seem proper and of the highest importance that its organization should be fixed and its work defined by consecutive clauses under one act of organization and establishment, without which the service will continue to be the subject of great embarrassment and criticism. Gen. Hazen thinks that some such plan is necessary as on more than one occasion the legal status of the service has been called into question and an office charged with carrying out important matters under special acts of congress should have a fixed and definite organization and a proper legal status.

Report of a Land Investigation.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—Land Commissioner Sparks has referred to the secretary of the interior for transmittal to congress, the report of Surveyor General Julian, of New Mexico, of his investigation of the private land claim known as Ojo Del Anil, involving some 70,000 acres. The report of the commissioner and surveyor general set forth that no grant was ever made by the Mexican government, that preliminary concession, alleged to have been given is without record evidence of its authenticity, and if authentic, does not constitute a grant, that the claimed grantee never entered into possession, that there was no occupation of the land, which was not segregated from the national domain or reduced to private property, and that grants were not authorized to be made either in the manner or for the quantity claimed in this case. The commissioner coincides with the surveyor general in recommending the rejection by congress of this claim as unfounded and unmeritorious.

What the President Will Recommend.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 3.—A Washington special to the Eagle says: "In his message the president will call attention to the regulation of silver coinage by placing discretionary power in the secretary of the treasury, and the reduction of the receipts by a reduction of customs duties and internal revenue taxes in order to prevent the redundance of revenue and too great an excess of the surplus fund. The president, from the data furnished by the treasury officers, will be able to show that another year has passed without trouble, notwithstanding the indifference manifested toward his recommendation last year on the same subject, it does not follow that the danger has been passed. He shows that the favorable conditions of trade averted the complications threatened then, but that we are now so much nearer a crisis, and that when it comes, it will come suddenly and will require prompt treatment."

Preparing for Receptions.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—The White House attaches are engaged in fitting the new iron frame to be used in supporting the canvas covering under which guests on reception evenings walk from their carriages to the White House doors. One of the doorkeepers explained that a reception will not be held until the crape is removed from the house, but it was deemed necessary to prepare for those to be given after the thirty days of mourning by fixing the awning and its iron frame so that they can be used when needed.

Conference Committee.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—The conference committee on the interstate commerce bill met at the capitol. All the members were present and the provisions of the bill passed by the house and senate last session, were discussed until late in the afternoon. No agreement was reach. Mr. Randall's subcommittee on the sundry civil bill were working industriously. The bill will be ready for the house early next week.

Big Work in the Pension Bureau.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3. — Yesterday the largest day's work ever done in the pension bureau was accomplished. To this end, forty lady clerks were employed until midnight, when they were sent home in bordics. The work accomplished for the month of November was unusually large. The total number of certificates granted was 7,384. Of these 5,327 were original, and 2,057 were for an increase.

Timber Cut Land Decision.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—Secretary Lamar has decided that when a timber cut entry has been made upon land, which was held subject to such entry and the party acquired rights there under his entry, would not be cancelled upon an allegation that the land was not "devoid of timber," and therefore not subject to entry.

Pension Agent Sentenced.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—The pension office is informed of the arrest by Special Examiner Paul E. Williamson last Saturday of George Foster, of Knoxville, Tenn., for making false affidavits. Yesterday Foster was tried, convicted and sentenced by Judge Key to one year's imprisonment in the Albany penitentiary.

An Attorney Debarred.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—Secretary Lamar has directed that R. G. Pendleton, of Oskley Kan., be disbarred from practice before the interior department and all its bureaus.

LeFevre for the Turkish Mission.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—Congressman Ben LeFevre, of Ohio, it is said, is being urged for appointment for the Turkish mission, to succeed Mr. Cox.

The Public Printer's Estimate.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—Public Printer Benedict figures that $85,000 will be necessary to prevent suspension of work in his department on the 15th inst.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

The One Hundredth Anniversary of the Promulgation of the Constitution.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 3.—The committee for the arrangement of a suitable celebration of the Centennial anniversary of the promulgation of the Federal Constitution, met here yesterday. The committee consists of one delegate from each state and territory. The representatives present were as follows: New York, Lieutenant Governor E. F. Jones; Pennsylvania, Amos R. Little; Virginia, William Wirt Henry; Massachusetts, Henry Cabot Lodge; Connecticut, Henry C. Robinson; Maryland, Gen. Clinton P. Paine; Delaware, John H. Rodney; Michigan, James V. Campbell; South Carolina, James A. Hoyt; West Virginia, D. D. Lucas; Missouri, Thomas T. Gantt; Iowa, John A. Kasson; Indiana, Charles H. Reeves; Montana, Edward W. Knight; New Hampshire, Benjamin A. Kimball; New Jersey, Charles G. Garrison. Georgia was the only one of the thirteen original states not represented.

Thomas Cochran, of the local committee, having charge of the entertainment of the visitors, delivered an address of welcome. The committee organized with John A. Kasson as chairman. Mr. Henry said that Governor Lee, of Virginia, had corresponded with President Cleveland in regard to the proposed celebration, and that the president would suggest to congress in his annual message that action be taken in regard to it.

A committee with Henry Cabot Lodge as chairman was appointed to confer with a citizens' committee in relation to formulating a plan for the celebration.

A recess of two hours was then taken, during which time the citizens' and the delegates' committee had a conference.

Upon reassembling, Mr. Lodge reported that the following outline of a program of the celebration had been agreed upon. An oration and poem commemorative of the signing of the constitution; a military display in which all the branches of the United States service will be represented; an industrial procession and the creation of a perpetual memorial commemorative of the constitution.

The president and cabinet, congress, officials of the government, foreign representatives, officials of the state governments, civic and other organizations will be invited to participate in the celebration.

A Faith Cure.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Dec. 3.—Hon. Hilery Mattingly, an old citizen of Davies county, late candidate for representative in the state legislature, reports what he claims to be a miraculous cure in answer to prayer. Mr. Mattingly is a fine mechanic, seventy-one years of age, and has done a vast amount of hard manual labor. He has been afflicted for several years past with a severe and constant pain in his back, which had gradually drawn his body down until he was so bent as to be unable to walk without a cane. A few days ago he straightened up, his pain left him, and ever since he has been free of it, and walks as erect and spry as a man of half his age. He is a devout church member, and asserts that his sudden cure is due solely to the fervent prayers he has made for health.

Indiana State Board of Health.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Dec. 3.—Dr. S. R. Seawright, of this city, president of the state board of health, assisted by Capt. A. A. Rice, is arranging for a sanitary convention to be held here the first Wednesday in January. It is the intention to gather together representative stock raisers and dealers and farmers from every county in Indiana for a full discussion of the pleuro-pneumonia, black leg, hoose and other diseases, and of other questions of interest to cattle men and agriculturists.

Dreadful Work of a Parlor Match.

BELLAIRE, O., Dec. 3.—The store of Robert Hall, of Franklin, a mining village near here, was demolished by an explosion of powder. Some one stepped on a parlor match, and the spark flew some distance into an open keg of powder. The front end of the store was blown out, and six persons in the room were knocked down. The proprietor is probably fatally hurt. Jacob Weisman was dangerously burned about the face, and Clarence Neff seriously bruised. A boy in the store was also hurt.

A Delicate Operation.

BRAZIL, Ind., Dec 3.—A delicate surgical operation was performed here late yesterday, the subject being the five-year-old daughter of Mr. H. C. Keith. The child was suffering extremely from membraneous croup, when an incision was made in the windpipe and a silver tube inserted. Respiration was at once restored and the child's life saved. The physician who performed the experiment was Dr. J. F. Smith, a young but scientific practioner.

November's Big Fire Losses.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—The New York Daily Commercial Bulletin, of December 3, estimates the November fire loss in the United States and Canada at $10,000,000, which is an increase of one-third upon the November average since the Boston fire of 1872. There were 190 fires who reported the loss was $10,000 and over. The large fires of from $100,000 up to $900,000 numbered nineteen, and caused a loss in the aggregate of $4,000,000.

A Short Strike.

BRAZIL, Ind., Dec. 3.—The two hundred and fifty miners employed at the Bartlette & Campbell mines, who struck yesterday for reinstatement of a checkweighman and for the redress of an alleged short-weight wrong, resumed this morning. The checkweighman was reinstated and the grievance was referred to the arbitration board of the Federated Association of Miners.

A Doctor's Suicide in Bed.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Dec. 3.—Dr. James S. Perains, a prominent dentist of this city committed suicide by shooting while lying in bed. No cause can be assigned for the rash act.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT SEA.

SIX MEN INSTANTLY CRUSHED TO DEATH.

The Terrible Experience of the Steamship Westerland, in a Violent Hurricane, on Her Way From Antwerp to New York. Twenty Passengers and Seamen Injured.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—The steamship Westerland, which arrived from Antwerp, this morning, experienced very heavy weather. On November 27, the vessel encountered a violent hurricane. A huge sea broke over the bows, stoving in the turtle-back and killing two steerage passengers and four seamen. The passengers killed were Max Frank and Gabriel Livadiri. Twenty seamen and passengers were injured, more or less severely. Capt. Randle, of the Westerland, was seen at the office of the Red Star line. He said:

"The accident is unaccountable. There was a good sea running, but I did not regard it as anything dangerous. Under the turtle back there were assembled at the time, groups of sailors and passengers. Suddenly one of the waves came rushing toward the ship, assuming the form of a towering column of water. Whether a cross sea or not, there seemed to be no satisfactory explanation. The mass of water swept toward the ship with imposing grandeur, and as it struck the vessel shook as though a mere toy. When the great column broke over the deck "there were screams of distress" and the vessel was for a moment submerged.

"When the flood passed a panic prevailed. The thick iron beams and plates of the turtle back were broken. Underneath the wreckage was a distressing sight. The shock killed four Belgian sailors outright. They were crushed in a shocking manner. Near them lay two passengers fatally injured, and scattered about the deck were at least twenty more persons more or less hurt, some very seriously. No more waves came on board. That night the bodies of the four dead sailors were given sailors' burials. The next day the two passengers died, and they too were buried at sea. It is believed that the other injured persons will recover. Everything possible has been done for their comfort."

A SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

Thrown Out of His Wagon Into the Canal, and Drowned.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 3.—Last night about 7 o'clock Fred Wibbleman, a carpenter, was drowned in the canal under very peculiar circumstances. He was returning home from work with his tools in a spring wagon. He drove out Charlotte street to the canal, and, taking the towpath on the east side, started north. The towpath afforded ample way for the wagon until he reached the Findlay street bridge.

There the abutments of the bridge are built up within about four feet of the edge of the canal wall, leaving barely room for the canal mules to pass. Wibbleman tried to drive under the bridge, when his wagon struck the abutment, precipitating it into the canal. The wagon tipped up, and he was thrown out into the water. The horse held his feet, and succeeded in pulling the wagon out but the unfortunate man was left struggling in the icy water.

His cries for help attracted several passers by, and they ran to his assistance, but they arrived too late to save his life. John Kappa and several others got the body out, and while waiting for the patrol wagon, which had been sent for, every effort was made to bring life back to the drowned man, but without avail, the water had done its work. Patrol No. 3 removed the body to Habig's, where it will remain until to-day. Wibbleman lived at No. 67 Borden street. He leaves a wife and five children, all young. He was forty-three years old.

Brooklyn Revenue Reform Club.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 3.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher presided at the annual dinner of the Brooklyn Revenue Reform club last night at Everett hall. A telegram was read from Congressman Morrison, stating that he could not attend. He also sent a private letter to Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, of the club, saying that he felt very sore by the opposition he received at the recent election from leading Democrats of the east. He referred especially to Mr. Hewitt's speech at the revenue reform meeting in the Stewart building, New York, a few days before the election. He also mentioned Hon. Leopold Morse's speech to a revenue reform club at Boston. The letter was not read, but became known to those present. About one hundred well-known Brooklynites were present. Letters of regret were read from Congressmen Felix Campbell, S. S. Cox, Perry Belmont, and others. Mr. Beecher and others made speeches.

Arrested for Robbing the Mails.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Dec. 3.—A. H. Ellwood, mail agent of the Grand Rapids & Indiana road between here and Cincinnati, was arrested at the postoffice in this city by Inspectors Bassett and Kidder. Ellwood is charged with systematically robbing letters and seventy-five marked bills were found in his possession. He confesses everything and acknowledges that the peculations amount to $2,000. Ellwood's home is at Silver Creek, Ind., where he has a wife and three children. He was appointed four years ago, is fifty years old, a veteran soldier and is in poor health. He says he was led to steal from financial straits and for fear of leaving his family unprovided for.

Sentenced for Life for Burglary.

COLUMBUS, Dec. 3.—Robert Patterson has been received at the penitentiary from Mirmi county on a five-year sentence for burglary. This is not strange, but as he is on his third trip, according to his new parole law he will have to be confined for life. Patterson's attorneys hold that the law is not a good one since it punishes a man for crimes for which he has already served time. On the other hand it is claimed that if a man gets into the pen the third time he is a confirmed criminal, of no use to society, and should stay there. If the attorney's get Patterson released it will break up the parole law.

A Mining Stock Firm Fails.

VIRGINIA, Nev., Dec. 3.—L. B. Frankel & Co., the oldest mining stock firm in this state, has failed, with liabilities of $915,000. The creditors include many of the most prominent shareholders in the Comstock mines.

A FLASH FROM BELVA.

Not Willing to Be a Candidate in 1888. Her Admiration for Mrs. Cleveland.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 3.—Belva A. Lockwood, the lady lawyer and ex-candidate for president, passed through this place en route for Conneaut, Ohio, where she opens her lecturing season. In conversation with a reporter, she said: "I am not a candidate for renomination in 1888. It has been suggested that I should run with St. John, but I should have to be the head of the ticket. I have nominated Matilda Joslyn Gage, of Syracuse, to be United States senator from New York, and I think she ought to suit the District of Columbia. I was born in Niagara county and never renounced my residence there. May be I'm all right yet. If you can fix it for me I'll run. I have a very strong admiration for President Cleveland on account of his democratic way of being accessible to everybody. He sees everybody, except while writing his message to congress.

"I have also a very good opinion of Mrs Cleveland. She has held her position admirably. I allude to her in every lecture as a typical American woman. She is not a great beauty, but still very good looking, what I should call a handsome woman, graceful in form, with natural dignity and tact. The southern people are greatly pleased with the president and his wife. It is quite the thing now for excursion parties to come to Washington from Richmond, Norfolk, Alexandria and other cities, and they all go to the White House."

THE MILWAUKEE ANARCHIST.

Paul Grottkaw Takes the Witness Stand and Testifies in His Own Behalf.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 3.—In the trial of Paul Grottkaw for inciting to riot, the defendant testified in his own behalf. He asserted that in his speech at Milwaukee garden he had exerted all his eloquence to keep the men off the streets and away from the saloons, to avoid all possible conflicts with the authorities, to defend all property, and in every conceivable way propogate peaceable settlements of existing difficulties. On cross-examination, the defendant was made to admit that immediately previous to the riots he had absolute control of the labor movements here; that all the reports relating to them were submitted to him and acted upon, and that he had knowledge of the first riot at Bay View before he made his speech.

After Grottkaw several carpenters and Socialists graced the witness stand, and they testified that his two speeches had been anything but inciting to riot. They corroborated his version in every detail, and the impression was created, which was afterwards nearly substantiated by one witness that their testimony was manufactured.

Mrs. Capt. Black all day long occupied a seat next to the wife of Defendant Moessinger, and seemed somewhat agitated when she saw her husband confronted with numerous adverse rulings of the court.

THE HAWAIIAN SUGAR CROP.

From Ten to Fifteen Thousand Tons Below That of Last Year.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 3.—When the Australian steamer arrived yesterday, bringing no Hawaiian sugar, and when it was learned, too, that Spreckel's schooners were returning to San Francisco in stone ballast, there was quite a ripple of excitement among the wholesale grocers. A careful inquiry elicited the following exact and unsensational reports of the condition of things:

The island sugar crop is from ten to fifteen thousand tons below last year's, and between five and ten thousand below the average yield, which is one hundred thousand tons. Drouth has retarded the condition of the canes, and crushing will not begin until a month later than usual, or about Christmas. While waiting for the new supply San Francisco's two refineries will have to economize in their deliveries, Spreckels' establishment being particularly short of raw material. There will, however, be no opening for New York refiners if it can possibly be prevented. Through pressure and competition local prices are half a cent a pound lower than eastern prices, and a sugar famine must be more imminent than it now is before an advance of even that amount is risked.

GIVEN AWAY BY A REPORTER.

Chicago Has a Mystic Circle of Presbyterian Clericals.

CHICAGO, Dec. 3.—Quite a breeze has been occasioned among the Presbyterian divines of this city in consequence of the discovery of the existence of a secret and exclusive society within the ranks known as the "Chicago Clerics." What its objects are or wherefore it was established remain, however, mysterious.

This select order of clerics had a meeting at the Sherman house the other evening, upon which, as a matter of course, a reporter stumbled. The participants, however, did not like the idea of publicity, and so they sent an ambassador to the scribe to plead for secrecy. The delegate selected, however, was not a diplomate, and so he addressed the newsgatherer in this vein; "The mass of the Presbyterian ministers don't know of the existence of the 'clerics,' and we don't want them to—it's better not, you know. So please don't mention it." But the reporter did mention it, all the same. And now the great majority of the divines want to know what it all means, and just why it is that they are not wanted to know anything about it.

Another Embezzler.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 3.—Edwards, Townsend & Co., wholesale grocers of Cleveland, O., are astonished to discover that their most trusted salesman, Henry F. Fenton, is probably embezzler to the amount of $7,000. He was known all over Ohio, Pennsylvania and Southern Michigan, had been in the firm's employ for many years, and was thoroughly trusted. Recently he collected large bills from dealers in the interior and pocketed the proceeds, telling the firm that they were hard pressed/and could not pay.

Storm on the Lake.

BUFFALO, Dec. 3.—The steamer Nashua arrived yesterday morning, and the captain reported dropping her tow—Potomac, Annie Vought and Parsons—when above Long Point. Tugs were sent out and shortly before noon the Potomac was brought in. The Annie Vought was towed in before 2 o'clock, and the Parsons was anchored a short way up the lake. A heavy sea is running, making it next to impossible for even tugs to make headway against it.

GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.

MR. THOMAS SEXTON INTERVIEWED ON THE AFFAIRS OF IRELAND.

Why the Government is Prosecuting John Dillon—He Does Not Believe That the National League Will Be Suppressed By the Government—Other Cable Items.

DUBLIN, Dec. 3.—Mr. Thomas Sexton, M. P., being asked by a reporter what, in his judgment, caused the action of the government in prosecuting Mr. Dillon, and proclaiming the National league, said: "I have no doubt that the success of the league's campaign against the rack rent landlords compelled the landlords to appeal to the government, and the government could do no less than yield to their appeals and be consistent with their professions."

Mr. Sexton was then asked if he thought the league would be suppressed, to which question he replied; "No. If the government attempts to suppress the league by the acts of the viceroy they will be placed in a ruinous, untenable position. Moreover, if the league should be suppressed and meetings proclaimed the government would find the situation more difficult than ever, as public indignation would make the success of the tenants more rapid and more certain."

Escaped From Prison.

PARIS, Dec. 3.—A great sensation was caused here by the escape from Maza's prison of M. Altmayer, a wealthy Jew, who was undergoing imprisonment for embezzlement. The prisoner forged a letter ordering his release, and obtained his liberty by showing it to the wardens of the prison.

Marquis of Londonderry Displaced.

DUBLIN, Dec. 3.—The Nation says the appointment of Gen. Buller as permanent under secretary for Ireland, is very displeasing to the Marquis of Londonderry, lord lieutenant of Ireland, whose desire to resign his office in consequence of the appointment is very strong.

A Deadly Assault.

DUBLIN, Dec. 3.—A laborer named Vaughan, was assaulted and terribly beaten by four men in Ballynetty, County Limerick. Vaughan's skull was fractured and he will die from the effects of his injuries.

Death of a Notorious Nihilist.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 3.—The notorious Nihilist, Bachmutoff, is dead.

The Bishop of Vienna Dead.

VIENNA, Dec. 3.—Monsignor Grieswardein, bishop of Vienna, is dead.

ADULTERATED TEA.

Twenty-Five Thousand Pounds Condemned at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 3.—A large shipment of tea, consigned to Frank E. Fernald, of this city, has been condemned by Tea Inspector Langley, and is detained at the appraiser's store to await the result of further investigation. The exact quantity condemned the officers would not say, but it is understood that there are several hundred packages of the stuff, making an aggregate of about 25,000 pounds.

The goods were imported from Hiogo, coming by way of Port Moody and St. Vincent. The verdict of Inspector Langley, after a careful examination of the tea, was that the quality was very poor and adulterated, bringing it within the provisions of the act of March 2, 1883, which prohibits the entry of spurious and adulterated teas into the United States. Mr. Fernald has appealed from the decision of the inspector, and Collector Seebergar has appointed a board of examiners, composed of tea merchants of well known experience, to pass upon the goods. If they sustain the decision of the inspector the goods will be seized and destroyed as the law directs.

Suit Against an Ex-State Treasurer.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 3.—A suit has been entered in the Dauphin county court by the state against Silas M. Bailey, late state treasurer, and his sureties, eleven in number. During Mr. Bailey's term as state treasurer he deposited various sums belonging to the state in banks in different parts of the state. The Exchange bank, of Beadford, McKean county, was one of the state depositories, and had $70,000 of the commonwealth's funds in its coffers. One day the Exchange bank "went up," and closed its doors, and State Treasurer Bailey, with others, failed to get their deposits. Bailey immediately brought suit against the bank officials for the amount in the local court, and won his case. The case was carried to the supreme court, and recently argued at Pittsburg, but not decided. In the meantime Gen. Bailey, when he left office, was out just $70,000, which he owed the state. This he has not yet paid in, and the state has brought suit against him and his bondsmen for the amount.

Green Glass Manufacturers.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 3.—The Green Glass Manufacturers' association east, at a largely attended meeting here, adopted resolutions condemning the arbitrary and unjust action of some of the officers of the Green Glass Blowers' league, in ordering a strike against the wishes of a large majority of the members, and, as reported, using threats and false statements to induce men to violate agreements with employers. The resolutions further recognize the right of workmen to organize, but ascribe the existing state of affairs to ignorant and designing men, who have foisted themselves to the head of the union. They condemn the practice of allowing apprentices to vote on an equal footing with skilled workmen. The manufacturers express their belief that the workmen will be able to keep their agreements. Meanwhile the works closed will remain closed until the men agree to work on the new scale.

Charles Tunnel and [illegible] fourteen and twelve years, [illegible] United States jail at [illegible] five in the Cherokee Nation, and [illegible] in their neighborhood engaged [illegible] an older boy named John Williamson, [illegible] long him twice, once in the lungs. His wounds are dangerous, although he is still alive.

Court House Burned.

FAYETTE, Mo., Dec. 3.—The Howard county court house in this [illegible] to the ground last [illegible] $22,000. The records were [illegible]

BRIEF MENTION.

News of the Day Compressed for the Hasty Perueer.

Ex-Vice President William A. Wheeler is in poor health.

Governor Foraker is heartily in favor of the abolition of spring elections.

A little son of Benjamin Goodliff, near Bremen, Ohio, was attacked and killed by a vicious boar.

Dr. and Mrs. Aveling lectured on Socialism to an audience of about 500 at Music Hall, Cincinnati, last night.

There were eight slight shocks of earthquake at Summerville, Ga., Wednesday night and Thursday morning.

Mrs. John Davis, prominent in Washington society, daughter of the late Secretary of State Frelinghuysen, has suffered a stroke of paralysis.

L. B. Frankel & Co., the oldest mining firm in Nevada, failed for $915,000. It is stated that the members of the firm have skipped with plenty of money.

At Monticello, Ark., masked men took from jail Buck Hunter, colored, charged with intent to kill on two respected citizens, and hanged him to a tree.

"Beaver" and "Samuel," two Arrapahoe Indians, who have been in confinement at Joliet prison for a year past, have been released and sent west to their reservation.

At Minneapolis the supreme court denied the motion of the defendants in the great King-Remington suit for a reargument of the case. The accounting will now proceed.

A gold fever has broken out in Ulster county, New York, over the discovery of gold in the Shawangunk mountains. Heretofore the finds have amounted to nothing.

About $4,000 worth of opium was found secreted on board the steamer Rio Janeiro, which arrived at San Francisco from China yesterday, and it was seized for violation of customs.

Near Renford, Ark., 'Squire Rains was fired upon from an ambush and instantly killed. The Malpass boys were arrested for the crime, and were committed to jail without bail.

S. S. Stuckey, a Nevada, Mo., loan and insurance agent left the city Monday, leaving his wife and three children. Developments indicate that he is short about $1,200 on his collections.

Herman Forkenberg has been arrested in New York for attempting to "fix" the McQuade jury. Efforts have also been made by outsiders to learn the opinion of new talesmen, and the matter will be investigated.

Eight proprietors of second-rate hotels and restaurants in Hartford, Conn., were arrested for using oleomargarine on their tables without displaying the placard "oleomargarine used here," as required by law, under penalty of $50 fine.

E. H. Hobart, alias Keller, who recently obtained $75 worth of goods from Bell, Miller & Co., of Cincinnati, is also wanted in St. Louis, where he played the same game on Congressman O'Neill that he did on Congressman Butterworth.

Government Inspector McEachran has recommended that Canada quarantine against western cattle, in order to exclude pleuro-pneumonia. He is about to go to England, and will there announce that the disease has been eradicated in Canada.

Theodore S. Mize, confidential bookkeeper for Minor T. Ames, a millionaire coal merchant of Chicago, is a heavy defaulter. The amount of his embezzlement is not made public, but is estimated at $100,000. He has turned over some property to Mr. Ames, and there will probably be no prosecution.

Indications.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—For the Ohio Valley. Fair weather, colder, northwesterly winds.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

Quotations of the Money, Stock, Produce, and Cattle Markets for December 2.

NEW YORK.—Money 6@10 per cent. Exchange strong. Government firm.

Currency sixes, 128 bid; fours coupons, 120¼; fours-and-a-halfs, 110¾ bid.

The stock market opened active and excited and on a steady buying for both foreign and domestic account both the Granger and ex-Vanderbilt stocks pushed advanced ¼ to 2½ per cent. by 11 o'clock. In the hour to noon, however, the market was irregular, and for some stocks weak, but at the time of writing the best figures are generally current.

Bur. & Quincy	127¾	Mich. Central	97¼
Canadian Pacific	60⅝	Missouri Pacific	115¾
Canadian Southern	67½	N. Y. Central	114¾
Central Pacific	50⅜	Northwestern	120½
C., C., C. & I	78¼	Northern Pacific	30¼
Del. & Hudson	106	do preferred	66½
Del., Lack. & W	142¾	Ohio & Miss	24½
Denver & Rio G	34½	Pacific Mail	55
Erie seconds	37¼	Reading	50
Illinois Central	133	Rock Island	127
Jersey Central	51¼	St. Paul	96¼
Kansas & Texas	7¼	do preferred	120¼
Lake Shore	93⅝	Union Pacific	57¼
Louisville & Nash	63¼	Western Union	79½

Cincinnati.

FLOUR—Fancy, $3.50@3.85; family, $3.15@3.35.

WHEAT—No 3 red, 72@75c; No. 2, 76@78½c.

CORN—No. 3 mixed, 37c; No. 2 mixed, 38c.

OATS—No. 3 mixed, 29@29c; No. 2 mixed, 29½@29c; No. 3 white, 31@32c.

PORK—Family, $10.50@11.00; regular, $11.12½@11.25.

LARD—Kettle, 6@6½c.

BACON—Short clear sides, 6¾@7c.

CHEESE—Prime to choice Ohio, 11½@12; New York, 12@13c.

POULTRY—Spring chickens, $1.25@1.50; prime to choice, 1.75@2.00; common to fair old, $2.00@2.50 per dozen; ducks, $1.50@2.75; live turkeys, 5½@6½c.

WOOL—Unwashed medium clothing, 25@27c; fine merino, 18@20c; common, 16@18c; fleece-washed medium clothing, 32@34c; coming, 30@32c; fine merino, X and XX, 26@28c; tub and coarse, 17@20c; tub washed, 31@33c; pulled, 27@30c.

HAY—No 1 timothy, $10.50@11.50; No. 2, $9.00@10.00, mixed, $8.50, prime, $7.00@7.50; wheat, oats and rye straw, $5.00@6.00.

CATTLE—Good to choice butchers, $3.15@3.55; fair, $2.25@3.00; common, $1.50@2.15; stockers and feeders, $2.75@3.50; yearlings and calves, $2.00@2.75.

HOGS—Select butchers, $4.30@4.35; fair to good light, $4.00@4.25; fair to good high, $3.75@4.00; common, $3.50@3.70; culls, $2.75@3.30.

SHEEP—Common to fair, $2.25@3.25; good to choice, $3.50@4.25; common to fair lambs, $3.50@4.00; good to choice, $4.25@4.75.

East Liberty.

CATTLE—Nothing doing; all through consignments; receipts, 24 head; shipments, 2,100 head; prime, 4.00@4.10; fair to good, $3.85@4.00; common, $3.00@3.75; stockers, $2.00@3.50; heifers, $2.00@3.75.

HOGS—Active; receipts, 2,000 head; shipments, 2,500 head; Philadelphias, $4.30@4.40; Yorkers, 4.10@4.15; common and light, $3.75@3.90.

SHEEP—Firm at [illegible] charged prices; prime, $4.00@4.25; fair to good, $3.50@3.75; common, $1.50@2.50; lambs, $3.25@3.50; receipts, 1,900 head; shipments, 600 head.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

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MARION WEEKLY STAR.

PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

STAR PUBLISHING CO. - - - - PROPRIETORS

THE belief is well grounded that abnormal fortunes will not be accumulated in the future as they have in the past, and the Gould's, Vanderbilts, Stewarts, Astors and others of like wealth are not liable to exist in a few years. The progress of the times is making it impossible for individuals to accumulate such vast fortunes. The phenomenal increase in population and value of real estate can not occur in the future as in the past. The fabulous war prices that furnished the stepping stones to fortunes will not likely occur again. The people are wide awake to the enormous railroad steals and the day for them is passed, beyond a reasonable doubt, and the continued manipulation of legislatures and Congress in the interest of monopolies is no longer tolerated. We do not pretend to argue that these evils are no longer alive, but they are not secure, for the people will not permit them. Stock watering is not as prevalent as it has been in the past two decades, and the rich mining developments can be scarcely what they have been for thirty years. A few thoughts on the subject leads to the conclusion that the time has come for the making of more honest and reasonable fortunes and the decrease in number of abnormal concentrations of wealth in single funds. The condition of mankind will certainly be bettered thereby.

THE coal miners in the Jackson district of Ohio threaten to strike if an advance of five cents is not allowed, despite the fact that the union to which they belong advise against such a step because of an agreement entered into last Febuary to work at the present scale for one year. The men have done well under the existing scale, have plenty of work and draw their pay regularly, but the insane idea prevails that they must strike if a five cents raise isn't granted, and it seems that no protests will prevent it. The present scale was an agreement, the result of arbitration and if these miners strike in the face of this they violate every pledge of manhood and distroy the fidelity that many employers have in a laborer's pledge. It seems that a great many working men in this country really have no conceptions of what is for their own good and they are adding to the heap of popular disapproval by their own efforts in spite of advice and appeals from those who would like to see them do well.

IT will be seen by reference to the proceedings of the city council that a step has been made in the right direction to secure waterworks. For nearly two years a majority of the council has realized the popular feeling for waterworks and have been in favor of securing them. The move last winter, however, made no progress. When the council places the matter in the hands of citizens the things goes all right 'till a few fellows get at loggerheads, then comes a complete stop to all proceedings. The people generally choose men for the council that they have some faith in and that body is certainly able to secure waterworks in a business like manner. If the council will now follow up the move made Wednesday night and work harmoniously, as they well can, if they are governed by their own judgement, there is nothing to prevent Marion having a good system of waterworks in a comparatively short time. Keep it up.

No little prominence has been given the fact that Mr. Blaine refused the profered hand of Senator Edmunds at Arthur's funeral, and the fact is magnified for political effect only. True the actors in that brief play are prominent politicians and the fact is a little more noticeable than though circumstances were different, but the point is strained. Mr. Blaine evidently had good reasons for snubbing the cool Vermonter and Edmunds has reason to feel offended very much thereby, but this fact will have no effect on the presidential contest if Blaine is a candidate. Edmunds and his friends worked as hard against Blaine in '84 as they possible could and they can do no worse again.

THE great blasphemer, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, gives mighty poor advice on theology but he offers some pretty sensible remarks on the laboring question. He says he would like to see the laboring men have a president of their own and a majority in Congress, so that they might see how little they could accomplish by legislation. The Colonel thinks they would find "that making a living in this world is an individual affair, and that each man must look out for himself." This is a sensible idea of domestic economy.

THE testimony from Georgia is to the effect that local prohibition, which prevails there so largely, is to make people drink more and adopt the wholesale plan of buying. Buying liquor by the quart naturally produces more drinking for it's very handy to take a nip if it is there than to sneak into a saloon on the old plan.

THAT very energetic New York boodle Alderman McWade is again on trial at Metropolis and will probably join his fellow-boodlers in Sing Sing, if the jury doesn't happen to consist of one wise man and eleven damphools.

THE Mayor's report on the amount of fines collected either shows the police court to be very dull or reflects very greatly on the credit of those upon whom fines are imposed. It is a noted fact, however, that three-fourths of the fellows who grace the mayor's court are unable to pay fines and the city loses money when it boards them in the winter when the stone pile can not be worked. It is well to let a good many go if the fines collected do not show up well.

THE Cleveland Leader has entered upon the very commendable task of soliciting a fund for a Christmas dinner to the poor of that city. The total sum received so far amounts to a little over one thousand dollars, though the idea was first broached last Saturday morning. This is a generous enterprise and the Leader will have the satisfaction of well-doing.

SENATOR MAHONE, who knows more about Virginia politics than any man in the Old Dominion, says Sherman could carry that state as easily as he can Ohio. This is a cheering bit of news for republicans but at this writing it doesn't look as though Sherman would be the nominee.

IT it rumored that Ben LeFevre is likely to succeed Cox as minister to Turkey. Ben is not the joker that "Sunset" is justly reputed to be, but he would do well among the unspeakable Turks and his Ohio friends hope for a realization as the rumor goes.

COL. BOONE'S interesting letter to the STAR is given elsewhere If Col. Boone really intends to build a road to Marion, and his letter reads that way, he will find as generous a welcome here as any where on his line. Success to you and the Black Diamond, Mr. Boone.

A VERY refreshing exhibit of gall is that of W. R. Coleman, an Ashland youth, charged with stealing $1000 from the county treasury. William says he "just took it" and expected to pay it back some day.

THE published testimony in the Colin Campbell divorce case, London, becomes ranker as the proceedings advance. It might be truly remarked that "it smells to heaven."

RAILROAD NEWS.

There were three 13's Thursday on Erie express.

There were 400 west-bound cars in the C. and A. yards Wednesday night.

There will be two of the C. and A. railroad boys who will not spend Christmas in Marion.

Engines are so scarce on the C. and A. that they are compelled to put on passenger engines.

The Erie has re-elected all its old directors, but the officers of the board have not been chosen.

There was a slight collision on the C. and A. at Monterey Wednesday morning. The damages were slight.

T. H. B. Beale and Harry Culbertson are seeing if they can't make twenty-five hours out of the twenty-four.

F. Broughton, general manager of the C. and A., was in Columbus Wednesday, attending to C. and A. Business.

Charley Wheeler and Jim Throckmorton are running C. and A. ponies in day time, while Hank Gregory runs the night pony.

All the roads will give excursion rates to local points during the holidays. One and one-third fare will be charged for the round trip.

The C. and A. must be acknowledged the best time maker of any of the four roads in this city. None of the others do the "mile-a-minute" act as often as the C. and A.

Guy Gregory is now a chief yard clerk in the C. and A., having two assistants, in consequence of which he sleeps in the office more than usual and smokes a greater amount of dog-leg tobacco.

L. D. Bennett can now be seen wearing bright brass buttons on his coat in the C. and A. yards; the cause of this has sprung from the fact that he has been promoted to the position of general yardmaster.

At the annual meeting of the Erie railway stockholders in New York, Tuesday, no change was made in the official staff as was expected, and President King still remains at the head of the company.

St. Paul and Northwestern railroads have decided to use Hocking Valley coal, as it is the best and cheapest coal in the market, and have arranged for the transportation of the some via the C. and A.

It is said that negotiations are pending with the Rhode Island Locomotive works for the purpose of purchasing eight locomotives for freight service on the C. and A. Three of them will be standard engines, the others being moguls.

Up to December 1, 1886, the Erie railway carried 4,738,760 tons freight; 8,008,158 tons of coal; and 6,261,118 passengers. Receipts per ton per mile of freight .767 and the cost .48. The company paid $2,731,847 floating debt, and September 30 had $886,798 balance in treasury.

It will be known by next Thursday whether the U. S. Express can remain on the C. and A. If the fine lot of messengers and the local force were to be employed by the Erie in case of a change we should not feel sorry to see the change. Otherwise many would rather the U. S. came out on top.

The turn table at the C. and A. round house was broken Wednesday night in housing up several engines. The turn table was not repaired until 12 o'clock yesterday, which necessitated a number of freight engines being used for passenger purposes; notwithstanding the fact there were 150 cars standing in the yards to be moved west.

General Superintendent Carr of the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo returned from Toledo to Columbus, Wednesday. He says that business is excellent, the freight traffic being very heavy, and the only trouble is in getting connecting lines to take the freight fast enough and relieve the Columbus Hocking Valley and Toledo equipment.

Mr. Jacob Johnson, in resigning his position as master mechanic of the C. and A. road and which is now vacant, recommends in his stead and also as a capable man well qualified to fill the position, Mr. Geo. D. Brooke. Mr. Brooke, from all that can be learned of him, is a man capable to fill this position, he having had great experience in this line of work on the Wabash and other roads in the West.

Charley Schell has a secretarial replete with pigeon holes made for the top of his desk. Yesterday before dinner Charley issued strict injunctions that nothing was to be written or pasted on the back of it. On returning from dinner he found the back of it covered with pictorial advertisements of Pear's soap, Capaduon cigars, Queens starch and old Kentucky bourbon whisky. Charley made a slight ejaculation, while the boys in the office looked knowingly.

General Sup't Carr, of the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo, was in the city recently, and said in a conversation that at the last meeting of directors and officials of that road that they had determined to make the C. and A. the western outlet instead of the Pan Handle. This will probably give the C. and A. 500 to 700 cars of coal per day for western points. Arrangements for larger track room at the Hocking Valley depot are now being pushed forward.

Now that old rates on express matter are restored the companies are doing a much more healthy business. At the time when rates were 25 cents per hundred to New York, express companies were flooded with goods that would otherwise go by freight, and they were forced to charter freigt cars. As the number of employes was not increased it was almost impossible to handle the business. Rates today are the same as they were last spring, but express traffic, like freight, is much livelier.

Judd Fox, who had been for so long a time connected with the C. and A. railroad as passenger conductor, has been offered the superintendancy of the Chicago and Indiana Coal and Railroad company, which he has accepted. This is a comparatively new road and runs through the richest coal fields of Western Indiana and Eastern Illinois. This road has made the C. and A. the terminus of one of its divisions. Mr. Fox has been a capable and efficient officer while in the service of the C. and A., and his hosts of friends in Marion and along the road wish him all the success that one is capable of receiving.

And now the joke rests with Uncle Isaac Bigelow of the C. and A. Poor fellow, he is always getting himself into something from which he can't extricate himself, and consequently he becomes the laughing stock of his co-workers. Night before last a lady got off of No. 10, and the conductor seeing Uncle Isaac standing in the doorway, approached him and informed His Honor that the lady standing on the platform was a French woman, that she wished to go somewhere, but he couldn't tell. The lady had attracted considerable attention from the bystanders, who were eager to show the chivalry of their spirit, but, alas, not one word could any understand. Uncle Isaac, seeing the dilemma that the lady was placed in, cavalierly strode forward and said step aside boys and hear me talk Dutch to her. Isaac strung off several yards of German, but the lady in a most disgusted tone said in broken English and French that she was incapable of such a language. She also told Isaac that she wished to go to New Orleans, via Cincinnati, at least this was supposed to be the case. At this juncture Uncle Isaac said, "Carley vons Francais, Cincinnati." Everybody about roared with laughter and the French lady, her agony doubly intensified, cried, "Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu!" Isaac now says he can't speak any French, but the boys persist in telling him so.

ANNUAL INSTALLATION.

Marion Division, Knights Templar, Meet in an Anniversary Session and the Officers Are Installed—A Fine Banquet.

Thursday night the Marion Knights Templar met in annual installation session and to make the occasion of unusual brilliancy the ladies were invited. As a result most of the Knights were accompanied by their ladies and the brilliant assembly numbered about eighty persons.

The annual installation was the first on the programme. Past Eminent Commander Sidney Moore, of Delaware, performed the installation ceremonies. The following are the officers installed, most of whom were re-elected: James Jacoby, E. C.; G. D. Cadwalader, G.; Harvey Wilson, V. G.; J. B. Harshberger, Prelate; G. S. McGuire, Sr. W.; J. A. Wolford, Jr. W.; B. Tristram, Treas.; W. L. Clement, Recorder; H. M. Barnhart, St. B.; Dr. D. W. McConnell, Warden; I. Umapher, Sentinel; Geo. E. Smith, 1st Guard; C. B. Kling, 2d Guard; S. A. Coffy, 3d Guard.

After the ceremonies were concluded the debonair assemblage repaired to the Kerr House, where the tables awaited their coming. Mr. Johnston had prepared the menu with a full knowledge of the epicurean tastes of the Knights, and nothing was omitted to make the feast a fine one. After regaling themselves thoroughly amid the pleasures of such a delightful soiree the Knights and ladies returned to Masonic Hall and there spent the time most pleasantly amid the rendition of music, short addresses and the reign of Terpsichore. The Big Six orchestra furnished music for the dancing, and the general participation made the scene one of pleasing festivity and sociability.

A "fly" editor in Southern Ohio writes: "In the last fly of summer comes buzzing along, all its youthful companions have packed up and gone. No fly of his kindred no buzzer is there, to wade in the butter and make a man swear. I'll not leave thee then lone one to pine and fret for thy chums, who made haste to get out of the wet, but kindly accomplish thy hasty decease and settle me down to visions of peace."

THE BLACK DIAMOND.

COL. BOONE WRITES THE STAR A MEANING LETTER.

In Which He Says the Black Diamond is Coming, Despite the Weak Faith of Marionites. The Col. Will Be Here Soon with a Corps of Engineers.

The STAR, for nearly two years, has correctly chronicled every move that has been made toward a new railroad in Marion. When the Black Diamond project was first mentioned the STAR at once laid the project before the people of Marion, and offered all encouragement possible. But when Col. Boone's schemes were reported to be in all directions the consistency was lost and we lost faith. A project to Bucyrus, one to Delaware, another to Galion, and still others in various directions besides the proposed Marion route led to the justified presumption that Col. Boone was building aircastles rather than railroads, and his paper railroads, as they were regarded, were generally laughed at, and we have participated in poking fun at the inflated bubbles. So the Col. writes as follows:

CENTRAL HOTEL,
Galion, O., Dec. 2, 1886.

EDITOR MARION STAR:—It seems strange that you should be against the Black Diamond. You are the first newspaper man that I ever heard of that arrays his paper against a project that cannot but help his town. You want to bear in mind that what you say will not have any effect, for Boone "will get there just the same."

By way of information will show you the route that the Zanesville, Mt. Vernon and Marion Railway company will occupy with a completed standard gauge railroad by Nov. 27, 1888, viz.: Main line—Zanesville, Orville, Nashport, Frazeysburg, Fallsburg, Martinsburg, (one mile west) Gambier, Mt. Vernon, Fredericktown, with one fork of the Y from Fredericktown via. Shaucks and Galion to the track of the Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne and Chicago railroad four miles north of Galion, with another fork of the Y from Fredericktown via. Lazerne, Chesterville, Mt. Gilead, Edison and Bismark to Marion, O.

This road is the extension of the Zanesville and Ohio River railway, from Zanesville via Malta and Harmon to Parkersburg, W. Va., of which 27 miles has been completed this year. The ballance will be completed during 1887.

I am the first person in Ohio to put under contract (since the panic of 1884) a railway, viz. the last named road above. During 1885 there were only four miles of railway built in Ohio. I look for 1887 to be the greatest railway year the country ever saw, and hence I am pushing with all my might and main to get ready my road by April 1, 1887, for construction, and to that end I have the engineer corps en route to Marion and they will reach your place by next Monday night, the 6th inst.

If you represent the sentiment of your town, I will say frankly, I will tap the Chicago and Atlantic not less than five miles west of Marion.

You can look for the Black Diamond railroad man the coming week, and if I fail to swing your town into line it will be the first community that I haven't satisfied that Boone is in earnest, honest in his purpose and will succeed just the same as though there was no opposition to him personally or to his road.

Respectfully,
ALBERT E. BOONE.

P. S:—I have no objections to your laying this before your readers, word for word.
B.

The perusal of Col. Boone's letter leads to the impression that he means business, and we hasten to emphatically inform the gentleman that the STAR and the people of Marion are quite the reverse of being against him and his road. Marion will be glad to be on the road if it is to be built, and she will probably do her share. The only trouble heretofore is that the apparently infeasible plan made Marion the doubting Thomas, and we want something to inspire faith. We presume Col. Boone can do this, and his advent to Marion is awaited with interest.

Licensed to Wed.

William C. Perry and Miss Mary E. Paxton.

Thomas E. Bolander and Miss Sue A. Boxwell.

NOTES ABOUT AMUSEMENTS.

Margaret Mather played in Detroit last week.

Mme. Patti is back in New York and drawing big and enthusiastic audiences as of yore.

William J. Florence and his wife have had a very successful engagement in San Francisco.

Theodore Thomas is paid $15,000 for fifteen weeks of work as manager of the American Opera company.

Dion Boucicault is at work on a new Irish play of the "Shaughraun" order, which he will produce soon in Boston.

"The Chouans," Modjeska's new play, has been very successful in New York. On Dec. 6 she will produce another new play—"Daniela"—an adaptation from the German, of which little is known.

Fanny Davenport says the part of "Fedora" is the hardest female role now played. She cannot play it more than three or four times a week, because it is so fatiguing. She is going to revive the custom of playing a double bill on Saturday night, and so are a number of other first-class artists.

The American Opera company has begun its season in a blaze of glory, and the papers of Philadelphia, in which city the first performances of the year were given, have exhausted Noah Webster's stock of superlatives telling of the wonderful singing and the agile dancing. And every patriotic American will rejoice thereat.

DeBensaude, husband of Violet Cameron, has followed Lonsdale, the bespangled actress' lordly manager back to England. There is some mystery about it all. It is held by some that Bensaude was "shipped" back and that Lonsdale was at the bottom of it all. It looks as if the last act in a wild scheme of advertising an indifferent variety actress had been played out. For once the American public has refused to be humbugged.

Philadelphia has an old theatrical shoemaker who has builded foot gear for most of the stage lights of the last quarter century. He declares that Mary Anderson has a corn on such little toe and that her shoes have to be padded with wool on that account. The old man says that the time was when no actor would think of playing a "boot part" in low cut shoes, but now it won't be surprising if some day Julius Cæsar is played in gaiters with pink rosettes

There are about 1,400 lawyers in San Francisco alone, or one to every 170 inhabitants

Washington policemen are required to wear white gloves and carry canes while on duty.

GOSSIP ABOUT MR. ARTHUR

HIS MANHOOD AS A PRESIDENT. HIS WHITE HOUSE DINNERS.

How High Living Killed Him—His Dignity Upon Leaving the White House. How He and Garfield Played Marbles Together—President Arthur's Children.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—The memory of President Arthur will long continue as green as the ivy which climbs about the White House. He showed himself to be a man while he acted as president, and during the latter part of his administration both parties delighted to do him honor. As far as Washington and its society is concerned he was one of the most popular presidents we have ever had. He felt the dignity of his position, and appreciated the honor of the presidency as much as did Gen. Washington himself. He acted like a president. He entertained royally, and still democratically. The White House was open to all comers; the poorest and most ignorant were not snubbed. He gave elegant dinners, and was in his element at a White House reception. Still he posed as a friend to the negro, and was always ready to raise his voice for the colored man. He was by no means niggardly in spending his salary. He came into the White House, I am told, worth more than $100,000, and he left it worth much less.

Shortly after President Arthur took office the duties became very distasteful to him. The newspapers were full of uncomplimentary notices, the sky of prophecy was black, and the perplexities of the presidency were never greater. Arthur was overrun with office seekers both day and night, and he told ex-Postmaster General Tyner that if the presidency were offered him again by the unanimous vote of the people he would not take it. As time wore on, however, his work grew systematized. He liked the honor and flattery which came with the position, and during the last year of his term he strove with all his might to secure his re-election. He failed, but after his retirement he still kept sight of the dignity of his office, refused to go into the practice of the law, and lived quietly until he died.

President Arthur worked very hard while he was in the White House, and he ruined his health by working irregularly. He sat up late and rose late. He ate his dinners at midnight, and it was often 1 or 2 o'clock before he got away from the table. He usually rose at 9:30, took a light breakfast of coffee and a roll and then went into his office to receive callers. From 10 to 12 o'clock he had a continual siege of office seekers. First, the ordinary office seeker came, then the congressman, and after that the cabinet minister. Sometimes he received his callers in the afternoon, and he went through the handshaking regularly. He did not begin his dinner, as a rule, until after 7 o'clock, and often later. He liked high living, and tickled his stomach with terrapin and champagne. Toward the latter part of his administration the richness of his food began to tell upon his system and he strove to remedy the evil. He did not, however, cut down upon his diet, but tried to work off the surplus by exercise. He took horseback rides and walked considerably. Very fond of fishing, and the killer, I believe, of the largest salmon ever killed in this country, he took many a little fishing junket, and it was at the advice of his physician that, with his cabinet, he went to Florida. The Florida health trip was not a great success. He had a severe attack of stomach trouble during it and the papers were full of alarming reports. The excitement of the latter days of his administration had much to do with keeping him up, and he began to fail as soon as Cleveland was inaugurated. There is no doubt that White House wining and dining had much to do with his death, and he is only one of a great number of public men who have been killed by this element of Washington life. During the last year of his administration President Arthur made it a rule to dine all the congressmen and senators and their wives. He spent more than $5,000 a year on his dinners, and $10 a plate is a low estimate of their cost. Arthur paid his cook $1,800 a year, and it is said that his private dinners often cost as high as $5 a plate. He kept up his dinners until the last, and he closed his administration by an elegant lunch to President Cleveland immediately after the review of the procession on inauguration day.

President Arthur's leaving the White House was as dignified as his conduct in it. Neither of the two Adamses would attend the inaugurations of their successors. John Quincy Adams was out hunting, it is said, at the time Andrew Jackson was inaugurated, and his father, John Adams, packed up his traps the night before Jefferson came in, and galloped away from Washington in a carriage. President Arthur gave this royal lunch to President Cleveland, and the dining table was as handsomely arranged as at any of his state dinners. He escorted Miss Rose Cleveland to the table, and President Cleveland took in Mrs. McElroy on his arm. The party remained seated at the table for nearly two hours, and after the dinner was over Mr. Arthur left the White House and went to stay with Secretary Frelinghuysen.

I came across a curious story to-day, in which a man named Clapp claims to have played marbles with Presidents Garfield and Arthur. The three men were boys, and Clapp was living at Ballston, N. Y., when President Arthur's father and President Garfield's uncle came there, bringing Chester A. Arthur and James A. Garfield with them. Clapp says he slept with young Arthur, and that he was having a game of marbles with little Chet in his front door yard the next day when the Rev. Mr. Garfield drove up. He stopped at the gate and lifted out of his wagon a little fellow about 5 years old, saying: "Here, my lads, is my nephew Jimmy. Let him play with you while I attend to some business." As the story goes, little Jimmy Garfield sat down on a mound and watched the game, and then the two boys, Arthur and Garfield, separated. Whether they met again before their nomination as president and vice-president I do not know.

President Arthur was an Episcopalian. He attended St. John's Episcopal church here. This is one of the most aristocratic churches of Washington, and it has had a dozen or more presidents among its pewholders. I imagine Arthur favored it because it was the church his wife attended in her girlhood. He sat in the pew she used to occupy, and he gave the church a memorial window in her honor.

Speaking of President Arthur's Florida trip the following incident described in The Washington Critic is said to have occurred during one of the president's Sundays there: While in the quaint old town of St. Augustine, the president and Secretary Chandler arranged to attend service at the colored church. When the deacons of the church became aware that such distinguished people were to be present, the front row of seats was reserved for them, to which they were escorted with due form and ceremony. The minister threw all of his available muscular eloquence and earnestness into the prayer with which he opened the service, and then arose and announced that "de congregashun will jine in singin' de gud ole hymn, 'Bring forth dat ryal diadem.'" The congregation arose, led by the president's party, and the gray-topped preacher, after nervously adjusting his spectacles, repeated from the hymn book in a clear voice:

Bring forth that royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Each couplet was repeated by the divine and then sung by the congregation until the entire hymn had been completed, and those who were present declared that President Arthur's voice was heard above all the congregation, ringing out the inspiring words of "de gud ole hymn."

President Arthur leaves two children, a son and a daughter. The boy has been attending school at Princeton, and he is said to be a very bright young man. His name is Chester Alan Arthur, and he was supposed to be engaged to one of the most accomplished society girls in Washington during his father's presidency. For some reason or other this engagement was dropped, and we now hear no more of it. Nellie Arthur, the president's daughter, is a bright eyed brunette, not far along in the teens. She acted as her father's hostess a number of times while he was president, and she did the honors of the White House very well. She was a thorough girl at the same time, and she delighted in romping about the White House grounds. She had a little playhouse built not far from the executive mansion, and this was furnished as a miniature parlor. It had little lace curtains, fancy little tables and chairs, a beautiful doll baby and a crib for the doll. It was the wonder of the children of Washington, and the proudest possession of the president's daughter.

President Arthur was not as tall a man as his pictures indicate. He was of only medium height, and I think as a rule the pictures of Cleveland represent him as much taller than he is. President Cleveland is certainly not over five feet eight inches, and I doubt whether he is more than five feet seven. Arthur had a good face, a rotund form, and he always dressed in clothes of the best material and the latest cut. During his term fabulous stories were told about his wardrobe, and that he was not without vanity is shown in the fact that he had a great many photographs made of himself dressed in a heavy overcoat. There is an oil painting in the White House of President Arthur in his overcoat, and the lithographer who made the lithographs which were scattered over the country at the time he was nominated for vice-president says that he had a great deal of trouble in getting a picture of Arthur which would suit him. Like most great men he had his weaknesses, and personal vanity was one of them. In this, however, he has many associates in the presidential gallery. Washington was vain, John Adams had a big bump of vanity, and Martin Van Buren always looked as though he had jumped from a bandbox. James Buchanan was very particular about his clothes, and Gen. Harrison was fond of comparing himself to the Roman emperors. Take the presidents, all in all, Arthur sizes up very well among them. It is true his administration was rather negatively than positively good. He did well in doing nothing, and by his conservatism he tided the country over one of the most dangerous periods of its history.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

Munkacsy's Big Painting Now in New York City.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Munkacsy's big painting, entitled 'Christ Before Pilate," is now in New York, and if all the world isn't aware of it, it certainly isn't the fault either of Munkacsy or of the enterprising manager of the picture. Munkacsy himself is here, too, and he has already learned several phrases of what he calls "The United States language." Munkacsy is a Hungarian, and his success is a good example of what perseverance, backed up by talent, will do for a poor boy. His parents died when he was very young—his mother of a famine and his father in prison—and the lad was thrown on his own resources very early in life. He first showed his talent as a picture maker in decorating some chests made in the cabinet shop where he was an apprentice. Some one saw that he was born an artist, and helped him to study. His first success was entitled "The Last Day of a Man Condemned to Death." It was exhibited in the Paris salon of 1870. His greatest picture, in the opinion of many, is "Milton and His Daughters."

MUNKACSY.

HEAD OF THE CHRIST.

There are many opinions regarding the "Christ Before Pilate." It is with the head and figure of the Christ more than with the picture as a whole that fault is found by the critics. They say it is a picture of an ordinary man and not possessed at all of the divine attributes that should be its chief characteristics.

The clergy of this city and Brooklyn viewed the picture the other day, and many of them speak well of it. Dr. Talmage says it is "worth a thousand sermons." Everybody thinks the figure and face of Pilate good.

The picture is 20 feet long by 12 feet high, and contains two scores of figures, and so any cut of it in its entirety is out of the question. The outline cuts here given are of the two principal characters, and will give the reader a fair idea of the way Munkacsy was handled "the Man. Jesus," and Pilate, the judge.

PILATE.

The picture is shown in the building that Salmi Morse had fitted up for the production of his "Passion Play," that was never played.

M. J. DEVER.

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SOME INDOOR VIEWS

AT WASHINGTON OBTAINED BY THE INSTANTANEOUS METHOD.

Trying to Get Audience with the President's Private Secretary—Col. Lamont's Swell Usher—Interesting Sights Seen by Artistic Eyes.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—"Want to see the colonel? He is engaged and very busy; don't think he can see you this morn—" "Very well, just give him this card and be will." This short dialogue took place in one of the waiting rooms at the White House a few days ago between a slight, unobtrusive, rather timid looking gentleman and a portly, well fed—more rightly stated, overfed—and somewhat overbearing negro, Arthur Simons, usher to Col. Lamont.

AWAITING AUDIENCE.

Compelled to submit to another careful scrutiny from top to toe, the applicant for audience is condescendingly told to take a seat in the general waiting room, where he finds he is not solitary in his request. Although but 10 a. m.—the hour of opening the building to the public—there are already more than a score of people waiting to lay their wants and wishes before the great private secretary, with perhaps a lingering hope of being ultimately admitted to the president. The electric bell sounds with a whir and a whiz. All eyes are directed to the light, swinging screen door. Through the small aperture the clumsy finger of the fat negro commandingly beckons, and a fine looking, gray headed gentleman, whose appearance pronounces him a man of high social standing, jumps from his seat with the agility of a young steer, and, bowing as if grateful to the negro, is admitted to the office of the P. S.

Who is this just coming up the few steps leading from the hall into the waiting room? Head erect, looking about with the confidence of a man well knowing his own worth, the corners of his pointed, waxed mustache turned up somewhat defiantly, the sharp, piercing eyes looking with a sort of humorous twinkle, from underneath a well shaped forehead fearlessly into the world. On entering the room he carelessly pushes back the thick curly hair, already somewhat streaked with gray. A finely proportioned, manly figure, dressed scrupulously, yet without any sign of dudishness, in finest black broadcloth, the patent leather boots covering a rather aristocratic foot. Such is the face and figure, once seen always remembered, of Joseph Keppler, of Puck. Scarcely seated, and dropping negligently his card into his high silk hat, he is shown, with exceptional promptitude and courtesy by Arthur Simons to the library,

KEPPLER IS SHOWN IN.

used by the president for his private office. Puck is well known at the White House, and a great personal friend of the president. The sketch block and tin water color box under his arm are proof that he is here on business. Yes, the delineator of the tatooed man is a great power, and has to be handled with kid gloves.

"If the colonel can't see me this morning I shall wait no longer. Did you hand him my card?"

"Let me see; what was your name?"

"Hello."

"Yes; walk right into the colonel's office and take a seat. He will be there directly."

T. C. CRAWFORD AND W. STAHLNECKER, JR.

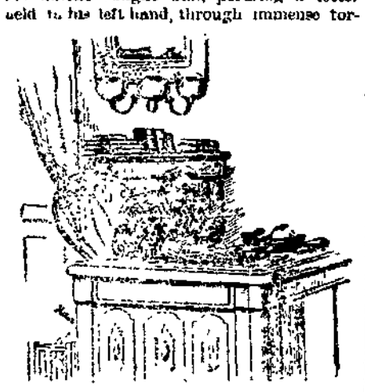
Here on couches and chairs placed against the walls are sitting several people waiting—most of them are acquaintances of the colonel, enjoying the privilege of free entrance at all times. Two of them I recognized at once, sitting together, deeply engaged in conversation: the one a tall, handsome man of dark complexion, jet black hair, mustache and well-trimmed side whiskers, is W. Stahlnecker, Jr., late mayor of Yonkers, and now one of the New York representatives to congress. The other, with that sharp, finely cut Roman nose, cold, penetrating gray eyes and sarcastic lines well defined from the nostrils down to the corners of the severe, firm mouth, is the correspondent of The New York World, who, without dread, fearlessly signs his sometimes scourging articles T. C. Crawford.

COL. LAMONT.

Just then a file door opens and smilingly enters Col. Lamont. This slight, very fair haired particularly striking person, dressed in a tightly buttoned and tight fitting frock coat of pepper-and-salt of a gray material, is the president's private secretary. And so he is. With his quick, noiseless, yet assured step; the small, quite delicately gloved hand—kept expectantly forward; the smile made quite invisible by a thin, but pervading red mustache; the small, keen gray eyes, the continual smile; occasionally rubbing the thin, white hands with their long pointed fingers—quickly glancing around the room, slightly bowing to the right and left in recognizing familiar faces. What a capital listener and what a guarded and careful speaker is this all powerful secretary!

It was just a glimpse I obtained, but quite long enough for an instantaneous exposure, securing a picture of Grover Cleveland at his desk. The library is an elliptic shaped room in the second story, above and of the same dimensions as the blue room; it is not only the most pleasantly situated apartment, but bears in contrast to the others a look of comfortable grandeur, although its decorations, furniture and fixtures are, with the exception of a really magnificent chandelier, by no means fitting its size and character. This is indeed a fine room and the view from its windows charming, the massive pillars supporting the roof of the veranda in front of them forming a frame for this beautiful picture. Far in the distance the blue hills of Virginia, the broad, smooth, winding stream of the Potomac as a middle distance, and seemingly rising out of its waters that unique and grand structure, the Washington monument, losing its point in the fleeting clouds; the beautifully kept park surrounding the executive mansion forming the foreground.

The selection of this room for his office speaks well for the good taste of the president, and here behind a massive, elegant oaken desk, in an immense cane-bottomed chair of bent wood, busily engaged in the careful study of documents awaiting his veto or approving signature, receiving cabinet ministers, senators, representatives and other high officials, civil and military, the president of the United States passes the greater part of the day. Bending down just as the instrument caught him, perusing a letter held in his left hand, through immense tor-



THE PRESIDENT AT HIS DESK.

toise shell framed "grandfather's specs," with lenses about the size of small saucers, between his lips a fragrant Havana, fixed into a small rubber holder, several of which are to be seen upon the large inkstand before him. Apropos catching the eye of the looker on, to the left of the president on the upper corner of the spacious desk are quite a number of autograph albums of all sizes and coverings, awaiting the great man's autograph.

JULIUS HELIOS.

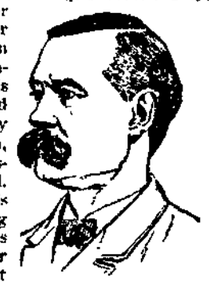
AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

The New York Journalist Who Has Been Made a Congressman.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—Amos J. Cummings is one of the few hard working newspaper men of this city who have become known outside of the office where they work. The system of not permitting writers to sign their names to articles, which prevails here, gives but small chance for acquiring fame. Mr. Cummings has been elected to represent the Sixth district in congress. As a boy he worked in that district, graduated from it a journeyman printer and there enlisted as a volunteer in 1862, and for over a quarter of a century has lived there.

He was born in Conkling, Broome county, in 1842. His father and grandfather were clergymen. In addition to his ministerial duties his father edited and published the only paper in Irvington, The Christian Messenger and Herald. Amos entered his father's printing office when 12 years old as a compositor and has worked at the case in nearly



AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

every state in the Union. He left a situation as compositor on The Tribune to go to the front with the Twenty-sixth New Jersey volunteers, and fought in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville and distinguished himself at the charge of St. Mary's heights by saving a cannon at the immediate risk of his life. He was mentioned for gallantry in the official report of Col. Martindale. He returned from the war with the rank of sergeant major and went to work at the case in The Tribune office, afterward becoming night editor and city editor of that paper.

He left The Tribune to fill a more remunerative position on The Sun, where he has since remained as one of the prominent figures in the editorial force. He is a forceful writer, an accurate observer, a ready and witty speaker and a pleasing talker. He has ability as a musician, too, and takes up the violin, guitar and banjo with the touch of one who knows how to get the best out of them.

Mr. Cummings was with Walker at Nicaragua, and was one of those captured by Commodore Davis on the Quaker City. He is now president of the New York Press club, and generally very much liked by those who know him. In his speech accepting the nomination he said: "Workingmen will know where to find my vote on questions in which they are interested. Capital, however, has its rights as well as labor, and neither should be jeopardized by hasty legislation." Mr. Cummings is a fine looking man, of easy and dignified address, who will ably represent his constituents.

One of the interesting incidents in Mr. Cumming's active career is his participation in the defense of The Tribune of this city in the draft riots. He came here on his return from the war, and on the day of the draft riots, July 13, 1863, he went down to The Tribune building to see some of his old friends. His brother Charles, also a returned soldier, was with him. They found the building surrounded by angry men and the employes in abject terror. Amos was induced to act as a substitute for one of the compositors, who was too scared to stay. He accepted $10 for the night's work, and his brother Charles "subbed" for another compositor for $20. Only four men stayed at their cases. They were Amos and Charles and Sylvester Bailey and Peter Hackett. The crowd outside constantly increased in proportions and became turbulent. Finally the infuriated rioters sacked the office and set fire to the furniture. Amos and his comrades barricaded the composing room door with heavy "turtles," or curved forms, and stood ready to fight. Amos had a revolver and the others armed themselves with such material as they could find. Captain Thorne came with a squad of police just in time to prevent hostilities, and cleared the square by breaking a few heads. The Tribune office was then supplied with bonnshells to use in case the mob renewed attacked it, but no further demonstration was made.

M. E.

DANCES OF THE DAKOTAHS

SOMETHING ABOUT AN INDIAN NATION'S SINGULAR CEREMONIES.

The Medicine Men and Their Weird Incantations—Torture that is Terrible and Self Inflicted—Meaning of the Dances.

[Special Correspondence.]

FORT TOTTEN, DEVIL'S LAKE AGENCY, D. T., Nov. 27.—The Indians of the Sioux or Dakotah nation are supposed to number about 25,000. They are scattered over an immense territory, extending from the Mississippi river on the east to the Black hills on the west, and from the mouth of the Big Sioux river on the south to Devil's lake (Hudson bay territory) on the north.

During my acquaintance with the Dakotahs I have learned something about their dances and the significance they bear. The study has been an interesting one to me, and I have here set down a few memoranda of two of the more important. They are really weighty ceremonies in tribal life.

THE MEDICINE DANCE.

The waukan wacipi (sacred or medicine dance) is in fact the religion of the Dakotahs. After selecting a suitable spot on a smooth prairie, notched sticks about three feet long are driven a little way into the ground at interval of about ten feet, forming an elliptical inclosure. Upon these they lay saplings or rails, over which canvas tents are thrown. At each end of the inclosure a tent is pitched. One is occupied by the chief medicine men or high priests, who are always chiefs of the tribe, and the other by the "soldiers." The meetings of the council are held in the medicine tent, and there the medicine or pazuhuta waukan is kept. The soldiers' duty is to preserve order, wait upon the dancers, prevent outsiders from intruding or even leaning upon the barricade, procure needed articles, etc. When needing tents they are allowed to throw down any tent and take it. Should an owner grumble, the tent taken is either burned or otherwise rendered unfit for future use. Those who wish to see the dance may do so by standing and looking over the barricade, but they must not touch it. Should any one lean upon the barricade who is not a member of the dance, he is struck one blow (no more) by a soldier with his stick—not of sufficient force to injure one, but a gentle reminder. Be he a chief or white man, it is all the same, and woe is his if he seek to resent the blow. Immediately in front of the soldiers' tent a large fire is built, where during the dance buffalo and ox meat and wild turnips are cooked. Should a dog come into the ring during the ceremonies the poor brute is immediately killed, the body painted yellow and allowed to remain in that state to appease the Deity.

SINGERS AND DRUMMERS.

The medicine chiefs having taken their places and the soldiers theirs, the members come in by families, and, standing in a line facing the chiefs, in unison throw up their hands and cry, "Brother, have mercy on me!" Then they relate when and where they were initiated into the mysteries of the "holy order." (Each dance, it should be understood, is the ceremony of some religious or other order.) They then intone a sort of chant to the high priest, at the same time holding their medicine bags in their left hands with arms stretched across their breasts; the right hand is meanwhile raised as when an oath is taken. In this the members of each family follow the motion of its head, then in single file they trot around the circle crying, "Have mercy on me, friend and brother," until they reach the starting place, when they intone another chant, this time to the Great Spirit (Waukantanka), and with their medicine bags point to the four points of the compass. They then seat themselves on the ground against the barricade, facing the circle. A chief who has been appointed to the office of high priest now takes his seat inside the medicine tent, where he preaches and sings, after appointing four assistants from among the members. To one is given a small drum, to the second a pillow and stick, to the third a gourd and rattle; the fourth assists in singing. These all sit around the high priest. They have also a large drum (usually a cowhide stretched over a cheese box or a wash tub), on which seven or eight drummers constantly drum, singing the while without cessation. The priest now exhorts his hearers to good deeds, and speaks of the holy dance as an institution founded centuries ago. When he is done all the members rise and dance by alternately raising the feet with a sidewise motion of the body, at intervals crying, as at the beginning, "Brother, have mercy on me!" The officiating chief then takes the drum and leaves the tent, followed by his assistants. Commencing slowly, then faster and faster, they trot around the circle again. All stop in front of the soldiers' tent, facing the west, when the chief brags some more of the antiquity of the rite and the power of the medicine, declaring that he can at will thrust a bird's claw or a stone from the river into the body of any one he wills, thus producing instant death. To prove this elaborate ceremonies are gone through with. Afterward, at a signal, all congregate around the big drum and dance and sing a monotonous kind of a chant, the women, on the outside of a ring formed by the men, imitating the peculiar call of the female swan, the men chanting in a sepulchral tone, which seems to lose itself in their throats. The combination is not entirely unmusical.

When a candidate is to be initiated into the order he is first taken into the medicine tent for instructions, which are secret. There he is stripped, painted black from head to foot, and a red spot is painted between the shoulder blades.

When the candidate comes out of the medicine tent he is clad only in a breech cloth, very

CANDIDATE

small apron and moccasins. Four preachers in turn exhort the candidate, recite the history of the dance and the order, adding that should he be a good member his medicine will be strong. He must give a feast once a year; if not, he will be unfortunate and will meet with sickness and death. If he is good, the Great Spirit will have mercy on him; if not, the Great Spirit will be angry and expulsion from the order will follow. After this the candidate receives the holy claw or a stone from one appointed to cast it, who takes his medicine bag and with it traces the course of the sun, and turns to the four quarters and says: "Now prepare yourself. I am going to transfer to you what I have in my medicine bag" and thrusting his bag toward the candidate says: "How! There goes the Spirit!" (Sometimes this is called "shooting" the candidate.) At these words the candidate, who is kneeling on a blanket, falls prone upon the ground, to all appearance dead. The friends and members of the candidate's family, and those wishing to make offerings to the Spirit, now congregate around the fallen man and throw on his body blankets, robes, skins and ornaments—anything they wish to give—until he is entirely covered up. The priest now dances around the supposed corpse, his assistants rattle gourds, and rattle and beat the pillow until the priest says: "I will now show how powerful my medicine is to bring him back to life." Then the candidate commences to move. Finally, resting on his hands and knees, he vomits up a mass of froth and blood, in the center of which is found the claw or stone with which he had been "shot." He is now presented with a medicine bag, and is recognized as a member of the order. The candidate must attend the three succeeding meetings in the same costume (naked) and painted in the same manner; then he is allowed to appear as he wishes.

They also initiate the spirit of dead Indians, "to set them right to travel straight." They won't say where the spirit goes, but after initiation in the holy dance it will go straight to its destination. After the ceremonies are over, the soldiers take the food and lay it near the medicine tent, where it is distributed. The cutting and distributing forms the principal attraction to the members, and the kettles are continually replenished during the performance. They always commence the dance at midnight, keeping it up until the following evening at sundown. Should any one known to have committed a crime enter the ring the leaders notify the soldiers, and expulsion of the guilty one follows. Should he repent he relates the nature of the crime, pays a heavy fine and is reinstated. Should any member divulge the secrets of the order his life is forfeited in a way that none know the instigator or perpetrator. They have secrets, and, it is supposed, have signs by which one may know another in the dark as well as in the day. During the initiation and again just at daybreak something is whispered to the candidate.

"SHOOTING" WITH THE MEDICINE BAG.

CIRCLING CROW DANCE.

The Pa-gi-nu-hi-na-ki wa-ci-pi, or the circling crow dance, is called by the Americans straw or grass dance. Only members of the order participate in this dance, and its councils are secret. It is controlled by three men selected at the starting of the lodge from among the more influential members of the tribe, who at death or upon resigning their office select their own successors. The regalia belonging to the three by virtue of their office is peculiar, consisting of a kind of tunic falling from the waist down behind, attached to a broad band around the waist, and composed entirely of feathers of the eagle and crow, with beadwork, porcupine quills and jingling bells. Exactly in the center and resting in the hollow of the back (fastened to the belt) projects a slender piece of wood about eight inches long wrapped with porcupine quills, to the end of which eagle and crow feathers and small bells are attached with long strings—every motion of the wearer causing these sticks to vibrate and the bells to jingle. This is an emblem of rank, and when invested with it one usually gives away a horse. There are four drummers. Each one is provided with a stick about three feet long, one end notched and wrapped around with quills and beads, the other end sharpened. These are stuck in the ground, and drums with corresponding loops are hung on to them. The dancers seat themselves in a ring on the ground, wrapped in their blankets, the drummers on one side chanting and beating their drums. At a signal all jump up, and, throwing their arms aloft, chant with uncouth gestures and an occasional whoop; dance for a few moments, when all but one seat themselves. This one, standing in the ring keeps on with gestures, wildly waving his tomahawk. Of a sudden he will seat himself, and in a low, monotonous chant recite his exploits of war and chase, after which all will jump up, dance and yell, and the same performances are again gone through with. This is kept up for several days at a time, or until all the provisions have been exhausted. During this dance, if any member wishes a divorce from his wife he gets up and proclaims that she is no longer his wife, or that he has been deputized by some one not a member (naming him) to say that he has "thrown away" his wife. An outsider by payment can deputize a member to do this. In their own eyes this makes him a brave man and big chief.

The dance is arranged for in this way: A steward is appointed to collect provisions, and no one dares refuse him. After collecting sufficient to last several days he notifies the leaders. They call in the lodge and form arrangements for the dance, and then the village crier goes around and proclaims that the dance will take place about such a time. If any questions are to be decided the head men discuss it, after which it is put to a vote. One deputized goes to each member present and asks him for his decision, the result showing whether the question is carried or lost. Then the council is closed, outsiders are allowed to enter and the dance begins. An old woman invited the leader of the straw dance to dance

CHIEF, WITH GIRDLE AND TUNIC.

in her tepee, cooking everything she had for that purpose and stating her poverty. He immediately sent the crier around the camp, and in a few hours all the members were present, as they will drop any work or pleasure they may have to attend these dances. After consulting in secret all were invited in. The leader then commenced whirling around very much like the whirling dervishes, stating the cause of the meeting to aid and assist this old woman. The result was thirteen blankets, calico, fine cloth, skins, flour and pork.

When any question of importance is brought before the order there are many councils and much pow-wowing. Often another lodge will be called in to help make the decision, which, once arrived at, is always carried out. This society is of late date, but is the most powerful among the Indians. No member will undertake to be a spokesman for an outsider unless bribed by a present, generally a gun or a horse, or the more influential gain from 40 to 100 horses during the year, but then have to give away many to retain their influence. Women are not admitted to this order.

PAUL BECKWITH.

The Value of Legal Advice.

The firm of lawyers from which President Cleveland graduated into his present high office still maintains its organization and standing in the profession. The gentleman who succeeded to the president's place in the firm is known as the Tall Sycamore. Besides being a good lawyer and astute politician he is also the father of the prettiest of blue eyed and blonde-haired little lassies. This little maid has reached the mature age of 4 years. Sometimes she comes to the historical office in the West block to pay her respects to the members of the firm and incidentally to bring a bit of sunshine into the ordinary gloom of professional work. On one occasion when the Tall Sycamore's little girl was at the office her father was busy with a number of gentlemen. The little lass wandered into the senior's office and entered into conversation with that gentleman.

After the manner of lawyers he managed to get into her confidence and after the manner of her sex she poured into the professional bosom the narrative of her woes and besought the counsel of her learned friend. Briefly stated, her case was this: She wanted a goat. She had made several motions to that effect in the paternal court, but on one pretext or another the hearings had been adjourned and postponed to an extent which made her doubtful of ever securing a final decision in the matter.

Having accepted a kiss as a retainer in the case, the president's former partner proceeded to advise his fair client. His legal intellect grasped the situation at once. His experienced and quick working mind immediately seized upon the remedy. "The thing for you to do," said he, is this: "Go right into your papa's office and, no matter who is there, tell him you want a goat. If you only tell him once he may not hear you, so you had better tell him several times. Yes, you had better keep on telling him until you are sure he understands you."

The little woman opened her big, blue eyes in admiration of her lawyer's ability, and immediately proceeded to act on his advice. She marched soberly into her father's office, intent upon her mission. So absorbed was she in her purpose that she paid no attention to the seven or eight prominent railroad men who were receiving and treasuring the precious and expensive words of counsel falling from the lips of the Tall Sycamore. She lifted her dimpled chin to the level of the paternal desk and remarked in bell like tones, "Papa, I want a goat." The matter under discussion was an important one and her remark was not noticed. She resumed:

"Papa, I want a goat. I want a goat, I want a goat, I want a goat. I want a goat, I want a goat, I want a goat. Papa, I want a goat. I want a goat, I want a goat, I want a goat. I want a goat, papa, I want a ——"

"Here! You run along into the other room like a good girl and you shall have a goat." It had at least been made clear to the paternal mind that something was wanted and wanted badly.

The little maid returned to her adviser's office and told him of the success of the mission. "You know how to get goats," she remarked approvingly, and rewarded the lawyer in a coin which does not usually pass current in law offices.—Buffalo Express.

About to be Enlightened.

"Knock me down with a—feather! How'd the s-t-hat-on get up 'ere? There's a mish-take—shuna-where."—Harper's Weekly.

A Disappointed Female Righter.

On the last day of registration a woman, armed with a bone handled umbrella, walked into the Fourth precinct of the Second ward and asked:

"Is this where the men register?"

"Yes'm, and the women, too," was the courteous reply.

"Then I can register without any fuss?"

"Yes'm."

"I didn't know as they 'lowed it," she exclaimed, "but I was determined on it. When I left home I had my mind made up that I'd either register or——"

"Put your name right down on this sheet of paper," interrupted the clerk. "You needn't even give your age."

"I needn't! Well, sunthin' wonderful must have happened all at once. I guess you men have found out that us women are of some account after all. I expected I'd have to jaw and tear around, and perhaps use a weapon, and I'm a leetle disappointed."

"Yes. We won't keep you longer waiting, ma'am."

"Well, I'll go, but my old man won't believe it, and I'll hardly dare say it myself. I expected you'd refuse, and I'd have to jaw and——"

"Good day, madam."

She went out grudgingly, and she stood in front of the building for three or four minutes like one knocked out, and when she finally moved off she was saying to herself: "Well, meibe the fuss will come in when I try to vote. Meibe they'll git a prize fighter to challenge me."—Detroit Free Press.

Odorous.

The Rev. Jonas D——, a well known Methodist minister, still living in the state of Massachusetts, has all his life had what all his friends regard as fanatical ideas regarding the observance of the Sabbath. He is very careful that no work of a domestic nature is done on that day in his house. No meals are cooked, no sweeping or dusting is done, and the day is one of solemnity and pious meditation, combined with church and and Sunday school going.

On one occasion the Rev. Mr. D. spent Sunday with his son's family. His daughter-in-law, a very pious woman, concluded, in honor of the guest, to forego her usual cold dinner on Sunday, and just before starting to church she slipped a fine fat turkey into the oven to roast under a slow fire while she was gone. On returning an odor of burning meat filled the house, and smoke was seen coming from the oven. "Why, daughter, what is that?" asked the Rev. Jonas D——, as his nostrils smiled the unpleasant odor. The daughter-in-law, conscience stricken and all, said meekly: "A broken Sabbath, father, not broken Sabbath." "Humph!" was the old gentleman's immediate reply, "don't break another one, please, if it's going to smell like that."—Detroit Free Press.

LIGHT AND AIRY.

Why She is Vexed.

Why does the beauteous maiden seem
So wearied and so vexed?
She's just found out the tale will be
"Continued in our next."
—Merchant Traveler.

A Dangerous Spot.

Husband—I hear that young Sampson who went west last summer has been shot.

Wife—Was he shot in a bad place?

Husband—Yes, he was shot in Chicago.—New York Sun.

The New Form.

She walked into the crowded car,
He gave his seat to her;
She took it, smiled, and said, "I'm much
Beholden to you, sir."
—Boston Courier.

A Seasonable Request.

"Here, waiter," what kind of water is this?" said a guest at a country hotel down south.

"Da's spring water, sah," replied the waiter politely.

"Oh, is it?" Well, bring me some winter water. This is warm enough to wash a shirt in.—Washington Hatchet.

The Small Boy and the Ice.

Soon Mr. J. Frost will cover with ice
The rivers, and spread it on even and nice;
And soon all the folks who are present will see
A hole in the ice where the boy used to be.
—Merchant Traveler.

A Logical Request.

Mr. Blifters (to his daughter)—Eliza, did you read this article about Liszt? Eliza (at the piano)—Yes, pa. Mr. Blifters—Did you notice that he said people must play the piano with their souls? Eliza—Yes, pa. Mr. Blifters—Well, Eliza, just put your hands in your pocket and play with your soul till I'm through reading.—Omaha World.

In the Wrong Crowd.

Among the prohibitionists
He ne'er will feel at home,
Who from a glass of water
Attempts to blow the foam.
—Boston Courier.

Too Long to Wait.

Young Tom Anjerry asked his tailor the other day when he would send him the suit of winter clothes that he had ordered.

"When you have paid me for your last spring's suit," replied the tailor.

"Oh, bother!" said Tom impatiently; "do you suppose I can wait forever for my winter clothes?"—Texas Siftings.

The Turkey.

Our goddess of birds is the turkey,
As the bald-headed eagle is king;
And now, when the weather grows murky,
With politics out of the fling,
Other gods we may look at and long for,
While our hearts are with thankfulness puffed;
But the bird of our hearts is all ready
And waitin', poor dear, to get stuffed.
—New York Journal.

Why He Fled.

Tramp—Please, mum, don't shut the door; I'm utterly destitute.

Lady of the House (kindly)—What do you want?

Tramp—Anything you please to give, mum. I leave it to your generosity.

Lady (sweetly)—Come in, and I'll tell the stable boy to give you a bath.—Philadelphia Call.

Whole Hog or None.

If you are bound to steal,
Then steal big.
Don't smuggle off a ham,
Steal the pig.
—Dansville Breeze.

A Necessary Interlude.

Tired Auditor—See here, Mr. Manager, do you know that act curtain has been down over half an hour?

Manager—Yes, yes, I know, but what can I do? The performance can't go on without the star actress, you know.

"Well, what's the matter with her?"

"She's busy giving her pug dog a bath."—Omaha World.

Rita.

There once was a maiden named Rita;
I know of no other that's swita,
A glance at her eyes
Is the thing I most preyes,
And—by Jove! it won't go to this mita.
—Life.

Thought is Deeper Than all Speech.

Miss Ethel—Yes, indeed, we girls are fully alive to the justice of popular criticism on chattering women, and that is why we organized our Thought Club.

Mr. Blank—Thought Club!

"Yes, and it is doing us such a world of good."

"I don't doubt it."

"No, indeed. Why, at the last meeting we talked for five whole hours on the advantages of silent meditation."

What They Say.

The wild waves are saying, sweet Ethel,
Just now, in the fall of the year,
When the summer hotels are deserted,
And nature's uncommonly sere,
That the landlord is racking his thinker,
And really is trying to tell
If the old, worn out sea serpent racket
Can be worked at another hotel!
—Tid Bits.

The Landlady's Retort.

"These biscuit," said the professor, "are like the Statue of Liberty at night. They would give better satisfaction if they were lighter."

"Yes," said the third floor back, "and this piece of chicken reminds me of a great hero—Bonaparte."

"But neither of your board bills is like the Balkan troubles," said the landlady.

"Why so?" asked the professor and third floor back.

"Because the Balkan troubles will probably be settled.—New York Sun.

Her Challenge.

The maiden sat so near my arm,
Around her waist I threw it,
And, then, not meaning any harm,
I kissed her e'er she knew it.

She threw an angry glance at me,
Her face grew red, and then
She frowned and said, "I'd like to see
You just try that again!"

"Why certainly, sweet maid," I said.
I did—could I be blamed?
This time she blushed and said,
"You ought to be ashamed!"
—Boston Courier.

Warning to Smokers.

A member of the Texas legislature engaged the services of a colored man named Jake. It was not long before the legislator had occasion to remark:

"Jake, it's very singular that I miss so many of my cigars."

"Kurnel, yer reckerlects dat I tole yer when yer fust hired me dat I smoked, and you said dat I mustn't smoke in de house!"

"But, great Cæsar! you didn't suppose I gave you permission to smoke up my cigars!"

"Whose cigars did you reckon I'd smoke! Didn't s'pose, did yer, dat I ask permishun for smoke my own cigars?"—Texas Siftings.

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ONE of the most disgraceful acts which could possibly befall any organization which lays any claim at all to respectability, was perpetrated by a gang of toughs on a defenseless reporter, in Cleveland, Sunday afternoon. A meeting, a public meeting, too, by the way, was advertised to take place, and the reporter, acting in a professional capacity, repaired to their hall to report the proceedings to his paper. At the hall he was treated outrageously, even barbarously, by those who claim to be members of the Knights of Labor organization. The reporter had as great a right to a seat in the hall as the speaker himself, and the speaker and members who were present, in countenancing the act of their brother ruffians, cast a dark stain of disgrace upon the order. It is such men as these, whose sole ambition is to plunder and feast upon the earnings of their neighbors, that seek to raise up a new body, a body that seeks to exterminate every principle of Americanism and to swallow up in its greed every particle of American vitality. This meeting was called for the purpose of befriending the condemned anarchists at Chicago, which fact in itself is sufficient evidence that their cause and their proceedings were in strict accordance with anarchistic principles.

PARTISAN papers are taking sides on the manner in which President Cleveland intends to beautify some of the boulevards of the Capitol. While invectives are showered upon him by the republican organs, the democratic newspapers as vindictively indorse his course. The entire question centers upon this one point, is it the President's object to beautify these thoroughfares for the convenience of the public and with the ulterior object of making the Capitol of this country worthy the name? If such be the case, no fair minded and patriotic citizen will gain, say the course which he is at present pursuing; but if his aim and object in expending $2,000,000 of money be for the sole purpose of making a pecuniary gain, then most surely the act would be reprehensible. Party organs lay too much stress upon every act the Chief Executive of the land does. It has a tendency to make the country feel unsafe, while, if they would pursue a more lenient course, more confidence would pervade the minds of the masses.

A SHORT railroad item, taken from the Columbus Journal is given in our railroad news today, which says Col. Boone's Black Diamond is to built from Zanesville to Galion and a branch from Fredericktown to Marion. The article states that the contract of building is made and it must be completed within one year. We are not thrown into hilarity over the prospects, however. If the item contains the truth we are more convinced of Col. Boone's poor judgement in railroad matters than ever. The idea of building a branch from Fredericktown to Marion when the proposed main line connects with the Erie at Galion, only twenty miles east, is one of the most inconsistent plans of successful and business-like railroading we have ever heard of. Verily, Col. Boone is a great schemer, if the news is true.

ONE of the first questions that will come up in the United States Senate when Congress meets will be upon the resolution offered by Senator Platt of Connecticut, at the last session, abolishing executive or secret sessions. The State Journal expresses the hope that "the press and people will speak out vigorously and unitedly in favor of the reform contemplated by Mr. Platt's resolution." The Journal further remarks that "not one valid argument for the secret session has ever been advanced. It violates the principles of the Constitution, is repugnant to the very idea of free government, deprives the people of knowledge which it is both their right and their interest to have, is a source of corrupt bargaining, trading and log-rolling, and tends to bring distrust and suspicion upon the Senate itself."

THE Evangelical Alliance of St. Louis has passed strong resolutions against the wicked ballet, which is an attractive feature of the American Opera Co., which is playing there this week. Therein is the difference between St. Louis and Cincinnati. While the American Opera Co. was at the latter city last week everybody went into ecstasies over female beauty unadorned, but the St. Louis divines warn their people against Tersichore's pretty leg, saying it is a spectacular representation of sensuality that is manifestly immoral.

THE press of Ohio is largely interested in an effort to have Ohio's election laws so changed that there will be but one battle of the ballots each year. There is certainly nothing against having municipal elections held at the time of the State election and there are arguments for the change. The expense of elections would be largely reduced and officers would acquire their new positions in a better time of year. Besides under the present plan the strife of one contest is barely over until work has begun on the new.

It will be a happy day for Ohio when the spring election is abolished and there is but one election a year. Possibly in former times elections did not interfere with business, but the interference is now very marked, and causes a unanimous desire to abolish one of our semi-annual seasons of excitement.

There is, however, one kind word to be said for the old system, now partially done away and soon to vanish entirely. It had its origin in a wish to separate purely local matters from matters of general importance. The idea that our citizens should not jumble these matters together was an excellent one, in fact one of the best ideas known to theoretical politics; but, unhappily, in practice it has had neither success nor prospect of success. As much real good as could ever be expected from the old division of elections could be obtained by providing that the Congressional elections shall be held in November of the even years, and all other elections in November of the odd years.

As the constitution has to be amended in order to abolish the spring election the present is an excellent time for making such a change as will both diminish the number of elections and divide national matters as far as possible from matters of interest to Ohio alone. —Cincinnati Post.

THE action of the English government in enforcing, with all the police and military power at the disposal of the crown, the ejeament of tenants who cannot pay their rents, and causing the arrest of John Dillon, one of the most active speakers against the extortionate rents charged by absentee landlords, shows that the policy of conciliation is a failure in Ireland. The new departure is bitterly condemned in that island, and the arrest of Parnell and his coworkers is looked for in the near future. The liberty of the Irish press is cut off and several newspapers warned and their editors threatened with criminal prosecution. And this is 1886, and England is supposed to be the most civilized nation nowadays.

SENATOR VOORHEES is not a great authority upon etiquette, and hence it is not surprising to learn that, in his opinion: "This promiscuous introduction of every Tom, Dick and Harry is one of the nuisances of American social and official life. It has often created embarrassments, if not collisions, which might have been avoided." Everyone must agree with the Senator to the extent of admitting that introductions are some times unnecessary and absurdly numerous; but when the Senator says that unnecessary introductions lead to "collisions"—the context showing too clearly that he has in mind fists, canes and pistols—one can not help asking whether the Senator finds all of his society in a bar-room.

LAST July several thousand tanners and carriers struck at Salem and Peabody, Mass., for 59 hours work in a week instead of 60. After over four months of obstinate refusal to surrender the Knights of Labor and Unionists have succombed completely and will gladely return to work at the old terms, which by the way were reasonable. But during the time of the strike the places of the Knights have been filled by non-unionists and it is estimated that less than 100 of the thousands can secure their old positions. Such bitter lessons are being experienced by the Knights right along and it would seem that they should soon begin to learn the unfortunate results of their foolish strikes.

THERE has been talk of a reduction in the rates of postage, but those in a position to know say that it will hardly be made by the coming Congress. The department has hardly recovered from the reduction to two cents, and it will be well to wait. The public is hardly prepared, anyhow, for the unsuspected circular that will come as a sealed letter whenever the reduction takes place.

SINCE it has transpired that no American minister to Mexico has been able to withstand the temptations to imbibe the greaser whiskey, and after he imbibes becomes a maudlin disgrace to the great country, we suggest Dr. Leonard for that lazardous position. The doctor would take nothing but ale and be a friend of the administration worthy of notice.

AMONG the presents to a Detroit bride the other day were some diamonds and a check for $40,000 from her father. The guests were crowding around to see it, when she held the check to the gas, and exclaiming, "Dear father, but these diamonds are enough," let it burn. Some of the ungrateful guests intimate that the touching scene was prearranged.

IT is a true saying that the longer a newspaper man lives the more emphatically he learns the lesson that he can't scratch every man where he itches most. There are a few fellows in this town that need scratching badly, the itch is intense, but we must decline to stoop for them for in so doing we are neglecting other and worthier friends.

CHICAGO authorities are moving forward making a raise in saloon licenses to $1,000 per year. The news of a like move in Ohio would drive the Cincinnati bookkeepers crazy, since $1,000 is so hard against $200.

PULLMAN A SUCCESS.

WALTER WELLMAN DISPOSES OF CERTAIN CARPING CRITICS.

He Shows that the Only Trouble With the Theory of the Place Has Been the Lack of Home Owning, Which is Now Overcome.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, Nov. 29.—As a social experiment the town of Pullman has been closely watched by many observers and philosophers, both in this country and Europe. More important than Sir Titus Salt's Saltaire in England, more extensive than M. Godin's Social Palace in France, and more practical than any of the communities or farms whose experiment have attracted the attention of sociologists in America, Pullman has been well worthy attention.

What was it that the founder of this city hoped to accomplish? Commercially, he desired to build a town in which his factory could find convenient location and where his employes might dwell together as his tenants, with profitable rentals accruing to himself. Philanthropically, he wished "to do something for humanity" by constructing a town in which the average of health, morality and happiness enjoyed by its inhabitants could be raised to a much higher level than that usually found among communities of laborers and mechanics.

That Pullman has succeeded in the first of his desires there is no gainsaying. His city is immensely profitable. He built a complete town at one operation, and at one stroke made valuable city ground out of cheap prairie. The rentals, based upon the values thus created, are returning a handsome per cent. upon the actual cost. The houses and other buildings are all occupied and the rents are all promptly paid. "Pullman pays," say the critics (and there are many of them), "but as a social experiment it is a failure. He has made money, but he has not succeeded in carrying out the humanitarian feature of his ideas." This may or may not be a just verdict.

"I will build a town," said the creator of Pullman to himself, "as nearly perfect as skill and money working together, and with full knowledge of the conditions and requirements, even to the smallest detail, can make it. My town shall not grow haphazard. One architect is to draw the plans for every building, of whatever nature. I will have nothing to do with the local authorities in the way of street improvements, drainage, water supply, public buildings. I will build everything myself. Moreover, I will own everything, and rule everything. In fine, I will build a beautiful and modern city as other men build a single house, with everything to promote the happiness and health of the occupants, and to lead them to live better lives and rear their children among better surroundings and influences than are found in neighborhoods and communities where people like my operatives generally reside. I will prove to the world that it is not necessary that workingmen shall live in ill built houses, gloomy, inartistic, badly drained, unhealthful, with foul yards or none at all in the rear, with dirty streets in front, with an absence of all pretense to architectural beauty or the refinements of artistic surroundings, and with the temptations of drinking saloons and other resorts dangerously near to every habitation. I will prove that a condition of things is possible wherein the poor as well as the rich may enjoy such good things of this life as peace, orderliness, pure air, sunshine, cleanliness, healthy, good neighbors."

LABORERS' COTTAGES IN PULLMAN.

That Pullman has done his best to secure for his tenants every one of these grandly planned advantages must be apparent to all who have studied Pullman town as it stands, or who have read the description of it which I have endeavored to give in the two letters preceding this one. If he has failed, it is not the fault of his architect, who, it seems, long ago thought of everything, nor yet the fault of the Pullman company as an employer, for it has found steady employment at good wages for all.

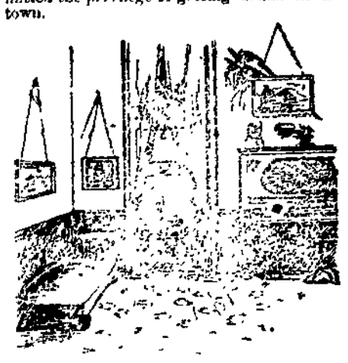
Pullman's workers do not carry their lunches in dinner pails. All go home to the midday meal. It is high noon. The hoarse whistle cries a brief truce to work in the shops. Twenty-five hundred men are out of doors, walking rapidly down street and boulevard to dinner at tables waiting in some 1,500 houses. At 12:45 the men return. The quarter of an hour saved daily, with the half hour in the morning before 7 o'clock, aggregate enough in the week to give the men a Saturday half holiday. The shops are busy again, the thousand children—tidy, bright children, too—have returned to school, and the visitor may patrol the clean, well-payed streets, almost thinking himself in a suburb inhabited by the rich. Suppose you ring at the front door of one of the houses, and ask to be shown the home of a Pullman laborer.

Try this cottage, for instance. It is the standard two story and basement brick. The family living here pay $16 a month rent. They have five rooms and a dry cement floor basement. The water tax is included in the rent. The gas is $1.50 a thousand feet. No one is prohibited subletting rooms or parts of houses. If a man does not wish to pay $16, he may take a fiver room flat in a four flat cottage for $12, a four room flat for $10, or even another style of flat—good for a small family—for $6. The average monthly rental paid by workingmen throughout the town is but $2.50 per room.

The writer has made unexpected calls upon dozens of Pullman householders, selected at random. In only one or two did he find the odors arising from negligent housewifery. In only one instance was the amount of the rent, the accommodations afforded or the company's treatment of its tenants complained of. In nearly all of the houses the interiors were cozy, home like, comfortable, with books and plants, artistic gas fixtures, bright, warm colors in carpet and papering, an organ or piano, and plenty of sunlight.

Pullman is not a paradise. Its dwellers must work, and they must pay their rent, and the many laborers must be satisfied with narrow limits and limited bills of fare. There are dissatisfied ones, of course, who growl at this or that, and try to make themselves and others believe that the whole idea is a mistake and all the usual rants its victims. But that the people are thrifty is as apparent in the dress as in the homes, in the stores as in the savings banks, where there are 700 accounts, averaging more than $300 each. The average wage earning per annum is $576.

The cardinal feature of the Pullman idea is central control. "I will land my workingmen a model city," said Pullman, "and I will manage it for them." Pullman is, indeed, master. If he chose he could be a despot, to the extent of refusing a man habitation, or, what is quite as much to the purpose, employment. It has even been said that every man in the place looks as if he was like the bed linen used in the sleeping cars, with the word "Pullman" branded on his back. It has also been said that Pullman's employes are compelled to purchase where and of whom Pullman wishes them to purchase, and that the rules governing the deportment of the tenants are so severe that a man may not sit in his own dooryard in his shirt sleeves and smoke a pipe. These are misrepresentations. There is no despotism in Pullman. Buying and selling is as free as in any town, and if the rules governing tenants are not as lax the community is the better off therefor. A man may sit on his porch and smoke, and women may gossip over the back gate, and boys may play ball or leap frog in the street, but women are not allowed to dump garbage or slops into the alley, nor are the men permitted the privilege of getting drunk in the town.



INTERIOR OF A MECHANIC'S HOME.

"Why," said one of the growlers to me, "I dare not drive a nail in the house where I live, put up a shelf or change a closet partition."

"And if it were my house I shouldn't want you driving nails in it, either," I replied. "Moreover, my friend, a woman in the next block has just told me that one of the delights of Pullman life is the care the company exercises in repairing the houses. Everything is done promptly and perfectly, she tells me. Send word to the office, and within an hour the workman—plumber, carpenter or gasfitter—will be on hand. No waiting for days and days, no fighting with the landlord."

"But Pullman makes me sign an iron clad lease, in which he has all the rights and I none. He takes my rent out of my wages every month, too."

"The lease you sign is just such a one as I have to sign in Chicago. And as for the rent, you want to pay it when it is due, do you not?"

These are samples of the petty complaints occasionally heard. More worthy of attention is the objection to the Pullman idea of controlling everything. The residents have no voice in local matters. There are no home politics, no caucuses, no town meetings. Pullman attends to all affairs of local government and consults only his own wishes. "This state of affairs," say the critics, "is un-American. It destroys citizenship. What safeguard is there left for the liberties of the people?" Pullman answers with a challenge to show wherein he does not well use his power. "It is true," he says, "that I am master here, but do I use my authority arbitrarily, am I unjust, am I negligent or indifferent to the affairs of my people? Would things be any better if we had local politics, with the corruption, extravagance and mismanagement surely following? In managing this city I pursue business principles throughout. My interests are identical with those of the tenants."

Even the critics are compelled to admit that Pullman is a just and proper governor. Things go right and not wrong. When they go all wrong it will be time to condemn the controlling power. But of those who indulge in the sentimentality that Pullman is a failure because the public affairs are not managed through the town meeting, the caucus and the ballot box—because citizenship is repressed—let me ask what proportion of workingmen in any community really enjoy voice in local government? How much better than Pullmanism is that citizenship which gives to a clique of pot house politicians the actual control of things, and which fastens upon the public treasury a coterie of chronic leeches. How many workingmen in so-called self governed cities find benefit to their purse, betterment of their morals, increase of content or happiness in their associations with politicians? It may be un-American to say so, but in local affairs, except where things are going all wrong and a Tweed ring is to be broken up, the precious right of suffrage is largely a delusion and a farce. Politics too often means absence from home, neglect of work, indulgence and illness. Pullman is fortunate in having no local politics, inasmuch as the one politician is a business man. The only voter, the only taxpayer, the autocrat of the town, a man whose interest in the town's prosperity and in the proper management of its affairs is at least equal to that of all others combined. I am not recommending a monocracy for New York, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul or Buffalo. In Pullman it is a positive benefit to all concerned, a hardship to none. The social organization of Pullman is such that the moment an whoever represents him must use his best skill and energy to keep all at work, all well paid, all content, all healthy, all happy. Failure to do this is his own failure and ruin. In this sort of union there lies the strength of the Pullman idea.

The critics have said that there was discontent in Pullman. In what community is there not discontent? Human nature is the same everywhere, and where is there no heaven on earth. A dozen visits to Pullman and general conversation with its inhabitants of all classes have failed to disclose to me any evidences of unusual discontent. Some workmen growl at their wages as do the foreman and "the company." But I have seen such growlers in all factories. A few women complain that their houses are not as nice as they thought they were going to be, but complaints of the landlord are by no means unusual even in the happiest of towns which are anything but "un-American."

I wish to make the statement as emphatic as possible that there is in Pullman more genuine content among men, women and children than in any other community of tenants, poor or well to do, with whose social life I am familiar.

The critics are mistaken. There is no despotism in Pullman, no unusual discontent. But—and here the critics who set down Pullman as a failure may prick up their ears—there are no home owners. Here is the secret of the little bit of sky not that has crept into this social organization. The Pullman mechanic, who made one good step forward by getting away from politics and pot houses, now desires to make another by getting a home of his own. In a large community of money saving workers it would indeed be surprising if there were not many with the homestead ambition. Repression of home owning is in fact an American and one of the defects of the Pullman idea as originally put in practice. But Pullman has already perceived this, I am glad to announce, and has already applied the remedy. Just across the railway tracks from that pretty station 320 acres of ground have been platted and put upon the market. The tenants and operatives over the way are rapidly buying lots, and already some have erected their own houses. The company has also built a number of houses, to be sold upon the installment plan, with an insurance feature added. If a purchaser dies after making his partial payment upon the home the debt is cancelled and the widow becomes owner in full. This opportunity for home getting gives to Pullman the last requirement of social perfection, as social perfection goes in this imperfect world. The critics are wrong, and Pullman is a success.

WALTER WELLMAN.

DARING DONAVAN,

Who Jumped From Niagara's High Bridge 200 Feet to the Rapids.

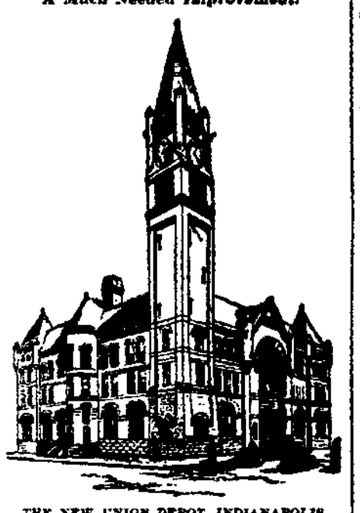
What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of the daily paper;
Some liken it to climbing up a bridge
To jump and splash, then all is lost in vapor.

So Byron might have written were he with us now, for the most famous man on the 8th of November was Lawrence M. Donovan, whose exploit of jumping from the Niagara suspension bridge, 200 feet to the icy rapids below, filled the most important place in the papers of that date. It was a foolhardy act, but the man who dared the accomplishment of it is entitled to all the little fame he receives for his courage. For it appears that his motive is meritorious enough—the bettering of the fortunes of his aged father and mother and two sisters, who are depending on him for support. Nature gifted Donovan with the faculty of determination, as will be remarked in his portrait. At his work as a pressman's assistant in a newspaper office he could earn scarcely a bare living. So he determined on making himself famous and thus bettering his chances in life. He is a temperate young man of 24, and taking a few of his companions into his confidence he proceeds deliberately to practice for such feats as this by jumping from High bridge, on the Harlem river, New York, to the water. This he did successfully four times. Then he surprised all New York one morning by jumping from the great Brooklyn bridge, 135 feet, to the water. To do this he had to keep his purpose a secret from his parents and elude the police, who are stationed on the bridge to prevent just such occurrences. His coolness and determination overcame the obstacles.

L. M. DONOVAN.

Later he went to Rochester for the purpose of making the jump at the Genessee falls, wherein Sam Patch lost his life. He was prevented from doing this. But his last feat at Niagara eclipses anything of the kind ever attempted. At 7 o'clock one chilly morning he climbs up on the iron railing of the great Suspension bridge, knocks some ice from under his feet to secure a firm footing and at the signal of a pistol shot he springs into the air. In four seconds he strikes the icy rapids, 200 feet below. He is kept under by the current, to come to the surface about sixty feet from where he struck the water. The shock of striking the water breaks one of his ribs and renders him insensible, but he is rescued and resuscitated. While the doctor is bandaging him he decides that he has "tempted Providence long enough and that he has made his last jump." It is to be hoped that he may be as determined in this resolution as in others, for his bravery is deserving of a worthier cause!

A Much Needed Improvement.



THE NEW UNION DEPOT, INDIANAPOLIS.

Indianapolis is at last promised a new depot. It will be one "long felt want" filled; at least for years citizens and travelers have complained of the smoky structure that was used by the thirteen railroads that deposited and received passengers there. All recognized the necessity for a new structure, but the rival interests could not agree until now. The railroads appear to be determined to make up for their past neglect, for this new depot will be one of which the Hoosier capital will have cause to be proud. The plans have just been accepted, and our illustration gives a very good idea of its proposed external appearance.

The Late Fred Archer.

The death of Fred Archer, the famous jockey, is looked upon as a national calamity in England. Few British statesmen would have excited the regret at their taking away that this horseman did. Witness the condolences that poured in on his sister after the occurrence from the aristocracy, even to the very throne, and the day of his funeral at Newmarket business was suspended and the whole place thrown into mourning. It shows the peculiar interest Englishmen take in their national sport and the affection which they have for those who are promoters of it. When Archer came to America a couple of years ago he was surprised that he did not receive the same homage here he was accustomed to. Archer had not yet reached his 30th year, still he had accumulated a fortune of over $500,000 as a jockey. He always backed the horse he rode, and he would not ride other than a good horse. Of late years he had his choice, which accounts largely for his success. During the last six years of his life he came in a winner 1,269 times. He received besides his legitimate earnings large purses from his admirers. Mr. Lorillard presented him with $5,000 on the occasion of his winning the Derby on Iroquois in 1881. Archer was 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighed 118 pounds; his legs were remarkably supple and wiry, he could wind them around a horse's body when it was impossible to unseat him. But then he possessed remarkable nerve and a quick judgment, without which his calliper legs would have been of no avail.

FRED ARCHER.

Copyright for Paintings.

A number of prominent artists and architects are talking of combining in an effort to secure copyright for their productions, which they complain are continually stolen.—Philadelphia Times.

THE PIONEER THEATRE.

Why Bill Nye Adopted Literature Instead of the Drama.

Those were troublesome times, indeed, when we were trying to settle up the new world and a few other matters at the same time.

Little do the soft-eyed sons of prosperity understand to-day, as they walk the paved streets of the west under the cold glitter of the electric light, surrounded by all that can go to make life sweet and desirable, that not many years ago on that same ground their fathers fought the untutored savage by night and chased the bounding buffalo by day.

All, all is changed. Time in his restless and resistless flight has filed away those early years in the county clerk's office, and these times are not the old times. With the march of civilization I notice that it is safer for a man to attend a theatre than in the early days of the wild and wooly west. Time has made it easier for one to go to the opera and bring his daylights home with him than it used to be.

It seems but a few short years since my roommate came home one night with a long red furrow plowed along the top of his head, where some gentleman at the theatre had shot him by mistake. My roommate said that a tall man had objected to the pianist, and suggested that he was playing pianissimo when he should have played fortissimo, and trouble grew out of this, which had ended in the death of the pianist and the injury of several disinterested spectators.

And yet the excitement of knowing that you might be killed at any moment made the theatre more attractive, and instead of scaring men away it rather induced patronage. Of course it prevented the attendance of ladies who were at all timid, but it did not cause any falling off in the receipts. Some thought it aided a good deal, especially where the show itself didn't have much blood in it.

The theatre in those days.

The Bella Union was a pretty fair sample of the theatre in those days. It was a low, wooden structure, with a perpetual band on the outside, that played gay and festive circus tunes early and often. Inside you could poison your soul at the bar and see the show at one and the same price of admission. In an adjoining room silent men joined the hosts of faro and the timid tenderfoot gamboled o'er the green.

I visited this place of amusement one evening in the capacity of a reporter for the paper. I would not admit this, even at this late day, only that it has been overlooked in Mr. Talmage since; and if he could go through such an ordeal in the interests of humanity, I might be forgiven for going there professionally to write up the show for our amusement column.

The programme was quite varied. Negro minstrelsy, sleight of hand, opera bouffe, high tragedy and that oriental style of quadrille called the khan khan, if my sluggish memory be not at fault, formed the principal attractions of the evening.

At about 10:30 or 11 o'clock the khan khan was produced upon the stage. In the midst of it a tall man rose up at the back of the hall and came firmly down the aisle with a large, earnest revolver in his right hand. He was a powerfully built man, with a dyed mustache and wicked eye on each side of his thin, red nose. He threw up the revolver with a little click that sounded very loud to me, for he had stopped right behind me and rested his left hand on my shoulder as he gazed over on the stage. I could distinctly hear his breath come and go, for it was a very loud breath, with the odor of onions and emigrant whisky upon it.

The orchestra paused in the middle of a snort, and the man whose duty it was to swallow the clarionet pulled seven or eight inches of the instrument out of his face and looked wildly around. The gentleman who had been agitating the feelings of the bass viol laid it down on the side, crawled in behind it and spread a sheet of music over his head.

UNDER COVER.

The stage manager came forward to the footlights and inquired what was wanted. The tall man with self-cocking credentials answered simply:

"By dasbety blank to blank blank and back again, I want my wife!"

The manager stepped back into the wings for a moment, and when he came forward he also had a large musical instrument such as Mr. Remington used to make before he went into the type writing business. I can still remember how large the hole in the barrel looked to me, and how I wished that I had gone to the meeting of the literary club that evening, as I had at first intended to do.

Literature was really more in my line than the drama. I still thought that it was not too late, perhaps, and so I rose and went out quietly so as not to disturb any one, and as I went down the aisle the tall man and stage manager exchanged regrets.

I looked back in time to see the tall man fall in the aisle with his face in the sawdust and his hand over his breast. Then I went out of the theatre in an aimless sort of way, taking a northeasterly direction as the crow flies. I do not think I ran over a mile or two in this way before I discovered that I was going directly away from home. I rested a while and then returned.

On the street I met the stage manager and the tall, dark man. They said that they were very sorry to notice that I got up and came away at a point in the programme when they had introduced what they regarded as the best feature of the show.

This incident had a great deal to do with turning my attention in the direction of literature instead of the drama.

But I am glad to notice that many of the horrors of the drama are being gradually eliminated as the country gets more thickly settled, and the gory tragedy of a few years ago is gradually giving place to the refining influences of the "Tin Soldier" and "A Baby."—Bill Nye in Chicago News

Division of Labor.

Customer—Does Gus De Smith keep a running account here?

Grocer—Oh, yes; he keeps the account and I do the running, trying to collect it.—Tid-Bits.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

LOCAL NEWS.

—Mr. James Fribley has been ill for a time past.

—David Klick, of Mansfield, was in the city Monday on business.

—C. K. Spars, of Upper Sandusky, was in the city visiting friends.

—Judge Norris went to Upper Sandusky Monday morning to hold court.

—Mr. Chas. Lederman returned from an extensive business trip Saturday.

—C. E. Martin was up to Bucyrus, Sunday, and returned via. Caledonia.

—Miss Nelia Diegle is visiting at Mrs. George Paddock's, in Delaware.

—Mrs. Walter James, of Los Angeles, Cal., is visiting Miss Laura Hardy.

—W. G. MacEdward went to Chicago Sunday night to attend to C. and A. business.

—Burt Simpson was up from Springfield over Sunday, spending the day with his friends.

—Miss Susie Moore returned to her school in the northern part of the State Saturday morning.

—Probate court will convene on next Monday. Quite a number of criminal cases are on the docket.

—The season has arrived when the bum tourist bunks at the city prison. It beats a hay-mow all hollow.

—Police court seems exceptionally dull for this time of the year. No cases of any note have been tried for some time.

—H. Clay Sharpless has sold his beautiful home on east Center street to Commissioner-elect Isaac Merchant, for the neat sum of $5000.

—P. C. Solls, Prospect's leading merchant and one of her most excellent gentlemen, was in the city shaking hands with friends Monday.

—John Frash, of Huntington, Ind., was in the city Sunday, having stopped off while on his way East to buy goods for the several business houses that he owns.

—Alf Mason, in east Marion, had eleven chickens stolen from the roost Saturday night. Alf wants them returned for he is trying a new remedy for cholera on them.

—Ezra Columbus has sold his saloon and residence, near the N. Y., P. and O. depot, to George Field, effecting the sale through Caledonia's hustling real estate agent, W. S. Winters.

—Miss Jennie Platt came up from Delaware Saturday evening to spend Sunday, the guest of Misses Mary and Emma Benzler, on south West street, and returned Monday morning.

—A baby boy arrived at the home of E. G. Miller, the hackman, the forepart of last week, and now when Ed collects a fare he charges every man an extra nickel that don't congratulate him.

—It would be well if some of the vehicles which do business in the city would bear in mind the fact that crossings are for the convenience of pedestrians. Drivers should be content with the road bed.

—The Bible Tract societies of all the different denominations in the city, met at the German M. E. church Sunday evening and effected plans for co-operation in the future. A most pleasant meeting was held, and the work for the ensuing year laid out.

—Will Moore walked to Morral on Saturday on a hunting expedition and returned with a solitary jack rabbit. No less than fourteen men went into the store to ascertain whether the price of game had gone up, and also insinuated that Will purchased the spoil he returned with.

—A fight occurred in Zimmerman's saloon Saturday night between a number of drunken people. Several windows were broken by the brawl, and at the appearance of the police none were so highly intoxicated but what good time could be made in getting out of their way.

—The funeral of Mrs. Jane McWherter was largely attended Sunday. The funeral took place from the residence of Mrs. Young, Sunday afternoon. Rev. A. D. Matthews officiated. Deceased had been a resident of Marion for some years and her death is lamented by many.

—We are told that Mrs. J. E. Hull, nee Eva J. Hummer, will still preside at the Presbyterian church organ on Sundays, notwithstanding her home will be in Columbus. Her rare ability to properly handle the organ makes the fact of her consent to continue as organist a happy bit of news to the members of that church.

—There are a few remaining of the old "Bag of Tricks" that would better grace the workhouse than a civilized community. The recent developments in the case of Mrs. Snodgrass are so fearful and immoral that common decency calls aloud for justice. Mrs. Snodgrass is an old woman 70 years of age, and moreover, a little off in the brain.

—Although Prof. Crouse has given the school children but few practices, he says he can now take the four hundred scholars in the Central building and safely march them all out of doors in good order in less than one minute after a fire alarm. Inasmuch as this can be done, taking the scholars from whatever work they are engaged in, it looks like a remarkable feat.

—The Galion Sun Review has this heading over the cut of, we presume it was intended to represent a pair of boots and legs attached: "Portraits of Local Celebrities." We were never aware that the average citizen of Galion bore any semblance to Darwin's missing link, and a stranger, from the heading that adorns the cut, would most surely infer that Galionites demanded missionary work.

—The STAR, not long since, published the peculiar way in which John White, colored, secured one hundred dollars, expressed to this city to a white man bearing the same name. The affair was fixed up properly by the negro's returning the money to the sender, and Monday it come to John W. White, the rightful consignee, and the package wat delivered him and he properly receipted for it and left for his home in a happy mood. It was a peculiar incident, but terminated satisfactorily, with no loss to anyone but the unfortunate negro, who wrongly secured it first.

—Christmas, this year, comes on Saturday.

—A. D. Matthews was at Kenton on a business trip, Tuesday.

The street commissioner is seeing that our streets are properly cleaned.

The commissioners were in session Wednesday attending to ditch matters.

—Rev. Pollock, the M. E. minister of Caledonia, was in the city Monday.

Train 1 on the N. Y., P. and O. was five hours late Wednesday morning.

—Auditor Waples was over at LaRue Tuesday night attending to business.

James Hughes, of Mt. Victory, was in the city, Tuesday, looking up old friends.

—Miss Chattie Harding left for Springfield Wednesday to visit Miss Nellie James.

—D. S. Jones is already occupying a part of his new dwelling on Mt. Vernon avenue.

John Hays, of Galion, and a former employe of the N. Y., P. and O., was in the city Tuesday.

—The Ruber office has had a fine new Remington type writer added to the outfit of commodities.

Press: "While to others you are piping, do not pass us by," sings Marion on the natural gas question.

—Geo. C. Clements and H. B. Day returned home Monday from a week's visit through Southern Ohio.

—Miss Lenna Frank, of Akron, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. A. Seffner, on north Greenwood street.

—Mr. Francis Gooding has returned from Buffalo, whither he had been with his annual shipment of stock.

—Workmen are employed in digging the cellar for the new True block, on the corner of West and Center streets.

—No lady need hesitate to attend the auction sales of Weil Bros., commencing Saturday. The strictest order will prevail.

—Enos Baldwin came up from Delaware Wednesday morning and has entered a field of labor in behalf of the Weekly STAR.

—Conductor McCullough was initiated into the mysteries of Elkdom Monday night. Mac looks well wearing the antlers.

—John Kellar is down sick again, at his home on north Main street, with the same trouble that afflicted him so seriously early in the summer.

—Clay Sharpless is preparing to erect a new dwelling, at once, on Greenwood street, on the lot adjoining the property sold to Isaac Merchant.

—The C. and A. has a new train on since the recent change in time. It is No. 18 and is a fast mail train exclusively. The cars have air brakes.

—A gentleman on the streets last night inquired "which is the best business town, Galion or Larue?" and a dozen answered in concert, "LaRue."

—Sam Boutz has the foundation ready for a fine new frame residence on south East street. He expects to erect it yet before severe winter sets in.

—Marion's new band has chosen the name of "Marion Monarch Band." The boys are arranging for a grand mask ball for Christmas time.

—Recorder Harraman and William Fies were out hunting Wednesday. Fies had to promise to help fill Charlie's bag before he would consent to go.

—Joe Blair, of Caledonia, while on his way to Kouts, Ind., to visit relatives, stopped over in the city last night, the guest of his brother, Will J. Blair.

—The stone patching being put on the streets in the chuck holes and cuts is a good idea, and the streets will be much the better after winter is over.

—Frank H. Blair, of Caledonia, who returned to that place from Lorain Tuesday was in the city last night, the guest of his brother, Will J., and family.

—The Christian building, formerly occupied by the county officers, is now arranged with choice suites of rooms up stairs, and occupied by private renters.

—Chicken thieves are becoming more numerous as the season advances, although an advanced season does not necessarily imply a cessation of hostilities.

—The Conrad block seems to be headquarters for "bankrupt" clothing houses. A gentleman was in the city Wednesday and rented the south room for that purpose.

—South Marion is behind the other compass points of the town. All the others have grocery stores and they prove to be very handy, especially when an article is wanted in a hurry.

—Last Thursday night the residence of L. Drake, in Montgomery township, burned to the ground, entailing a loss of about $2500. On this there was an insurance of $2200. A defective flue was the cause.

—The Philadelphia Enterprise, an industrial journal, says that Weil Bros., of Marion, will establish a new cloak factory at Marion, and that Fred Stroble will build a factory for the manufacture of threshing machines.

—A colored female was attracting no little attention on East St. Monday night. One man was hit by a stone she threw and the dogs sought their hiding place in a hurry. The old woman is a hustler when she strikes the war path.

—C. C. Rouse, the hatter, who has been in the city for some time, was summoned to Cincinnati, Monday, to attend the trial of one Johnston, who aided in the election frauds of a year ago. Mr. Rouse was also connected with that affair, but was honorably acquitted by the judge.

—Monday afternoon Mrs. Snodgrass, a slightly demented person, appeared in 'Squire Payne's office and made very grave charges against certain young men of the town. She claims that these young men, whose names we will not give, have at various times broken into her house at the dead of night and forcibly taken her from her bed. She makes other charges against these young men, which, if true, should be punished most severely. Common decency forbids any mention of the subject, and if the authorities do not see that this case is investigated, at least, the morals of the town will become in a short while as corrupt as those of London, although on a smaller scale.

—Some restrictions should be placed upon the youth of the town in the manner in which they conduct themselves. Parents cannot be too vigilant and too exacting of their children.

—The C. and A. yards in this city have just received a new switch engine from Huntington, with a crew from that place, and two ponies will do shifting during the day hereafter.

—Jno. L. White, formerly night operator at the junction, but now of Kenton, visits here nearly every second night. Jack says he comes on "company's business," but then you know——.

—Mr. E. Huber has been allowed a patent on his cleat for wheels on traction engines. It is the same cleat the company has been using for the past year, but which had not been patented heretofore.

—Clark Turney is again at his store though not his former self by any means. A month's confinement has made a showing on his features that will take a great deal of recuperation to efface.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage will lecture at the Bucyrus Opera House, Bucyrus, O., Dec. 15th, 1886. Reserved seats are 75 cents, general admission 50. For further information address Otto Vollrath, Bucyrus.

—A good story is told about the attempted burglary at George Lusch's saloon Monday night. It is said that instead of the marauder being a burglar, it was a fellow who was asleep when George closed up and he was trying to break his way out.

—A farmer who will load a wagon with good apples and drive to Marion will find a ready market for them. A gentleman was in the city Wednesday from Morrow Co. and disposed of a big load in a very short time at the retail price of 30 cents per bushel.

—A tramp who has been hanging around the town for the past few days created quite a sensation among the children of the Central school building by showing himself improperly. He was pursued by some workmen, but by fleetness eluded capture.

—The STAR office is in receipt of 1000 books, entitled "Our Family Physician," which are to be distributed as premiums to new cash subscribers of the Weekly STAR. The books are open for examination at this office. See ad. in another column. Agents wanted.

—Tristram & Young have opened out a partial display of their holiday slippers. They have found that slippers are popular presents because they are of practical value, and with their usual desire to please customers first of all, they are determined to have the largest and most beautiful display that is shown in Marion.

—A quiet wedding took place Tuesday at the residence of Mr. Perry, on West street, Mr. W. C. Perry, of this city, (the veteran show man), and Miss Mary Paxton, of Lancaster, being the contracting parties. The best wishes of their many friends are are extended to them.

—The term of office of Commissioner Wilson Imbody expires today, Saturday, but under the new law Commissioner-elect Merchant cannot become his successor until the first of the new year. Messrs. Dodds and Loyer will probably appoint Mr. Imbody to fill the vacancy.

—A news butcher on train 3, Monday night, stole W. G. MacEdward's overcoat from the seat while Mac was gazing out of the window. When the latter discovered his loss he caught the sneak and, after recovering the garment and administering a good thumping, let him go again.

—Have you seen the new building (brick work just finished) put up for T. S. Cummin by the Finch Brothers? The style and finish would do credit to any part of the city. The whole block as it now stands contains 375,000 brick, making the largest business house put up by any single individual in the city.

—The Chicago and Atlantic is wholly unable to handle the immense shipments of coal turned over to it by the Hocking Valley road. The "Y" is filled with loaded coal cars, and there are one hundred and fifteen loaded cars in the C. and T. yards awaiting transfer to the C. and A., besides a train load of coal that is standing at Owens because there is no room in Marion for it.

—The ladies of St. Paul's Episcopal church will begin their fair and festival at the City Hall next Tuesday afternoon, December 7. On that day they will open out their entire display of fancy and useful articles, appropriate for the holidays. The fair will remain open every afternoon and evening of next week, and choice refreshments will be served in the evening. Everybody is invited to attend.

—Bucyrus Critic: The law gives the county auditor the right to assess the stock of goods of a new firm coming into town, and to collect taxes thereon. It is the only effective remedy against the fly-by-night firms that swoop down on a place, flood the town with flash advertisements, do a land office business for a week and then leave town, taking thousands of dollars from the legitimate channels of trade.

Agosta.

George Cragor, of Muskingum county, is visiting his brother-in-law, Dave Tanner, south of town.

Frank Columbus is in the railroad tie business this winter, making it interesting for woodsmen. Frank is good pay.

Jacob Berger is in a critical condition with his old trouble, Bright's disease. He put in a bad night Sunday eve.

Jesse Hunter is on his way back from Kansas. He entered 160 acres of good land and has it all paid for, and he is now as far back as Dayton, O., where he stopped to visit friends. He will be home in a few days. A little sand and money accompanied him in his work.

Not much news in our vicinity.

Business is nothing extra for this season of the year.

Nov. 20, 1886. JUSTICE.

MARRIED.

BOLANDER—BOXWELL. Sunday evening, Nov. 28, 1886, by Rev. J. A. Sutton, at his residence, on Green Camp, O., Mr. Thomas L. Bolander to Miss Sue A. Boxwell, both of this county.

STEARNS—COEN. On Thursday, Nov. 25th, 1886, at the residence of the bride's father, near Cardonia, O., by Rev. J. B. Johnson, Mr. Clifford Stearns, of Marion county, and Miss Nora M. Coen.

RAILROAD NEWS.

The Bee Line is again 1500 cars behind their orders.

Train 22, on the C. and A., came in with 51 cars, double header, Monday.

West bound rates give no indications of mending. The business is not large and there is a lively scramble for it all around.

Train 12 on the C. and A. lost two hours on this side of Hammond Monday night. A freight train which had jumped the track was the cause.

Jackson B. Stemm, formerly operator of the C. and A. road at this place, has been removed to Huntington, in the superintendent's office.

Chicago and Atlantic earnings the third week of November were $33,563, an increase of $6591. The C. and A. finds it profitable to stay out of the pool.

Trains on the N. Y., P. and O. are continually behind scheduled time. No. 3 was five hours late Sunday night, while the rest have been proportionately behind time.

It is thought that the Bee Line will declare a 3 per cent. dividend soon. Judge Burke is in favor of the dividend if the receipts justify it. Others want no dividend at present.

The C., H. V. and T. changed time Sunday. There was only one train effected by the change, that being No. 2, which went south at 7:48 a. m., but which now goes at 8:30 a. m.

Jacob Johann has resigned his position on the C. and A. as master mechanic to take effect the first of the month. He goes West to assume a similar position on a western line.

Freight business was rushing last week on the C. and A.; all the freight engines were in use. Tuesday's train 40 was run in four sections, something which has not occurred before in the history of this road.

The little sub-committee at Mansfield is said to be working harmoniously. It is not expected to last long, but for the time is holding rates there comparatively firm. A passenger agent of one of the lines says it is getting tariff rates from Mansfield for the first time in years.

The C. and A. is doing a larger passenger business at the present time than at any period in its history possibly. We are inclined to the belief that the C. and A. will eventually prove as indispensable to the Erie as the Erie is to the C. and A.

We are in receipt of a marked copy of the Cadiz, O., Sentinel, in which we see the Cannon Ball railroad project is receiving a boom in that locality. We have much more faith in the Cannon Ball than any of Col. Boone's airy schemes and build our hopes that way.

Fred Mayfield, who has been for some years past connected with the C. and A. as passenger brakeman, has accepted a position in Hunt, Hall & Co.'s meat market in Chicago as cashier. Fred has always been a favorite with the boys and his departure is greatly regretted.

John N. Abbott, general passenger and ticket agent of the Erie railway and its leased line, the, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio railroad, has decided to accept the commissionership of the Southwestern Railroad Passenger Association, which was recently tendered to him. His headquarters will be in Chicago.

On Dec. 9th it will be decided what express company will control the territory through which the C. and A. runs. The U. S. has had the contract, but when the Erie was allowed to run its through cars the U. S. kicked and refused to pay its heavy rent, as the railroad company had violated its contract. As a result the C. and A. has ordered the U. S. off its road after December 1st, but the case has gone to court, and Judge Gresham, of Chicago, has issued a restraining order postponing the matter to the 9th, when the case will be heard.

Columbus Journal: A most important deal in railroad building was made at Zanesville on Saturday. E. J. Brooks, of New York, representing Eastern capitalists, contracted for the building of the Zanesville, Mt. Vernon and Marion railroad, 140 miles in length, and the same is to be completed in twelve months. It comprises 140 miles of road—55 of the main line from Zanesville to Galion, and 55 for a branch from Fredericktown, Knox county, to Marion. Three miles from Galion the road connects with the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne, and at Marion with the Chicago and Atlantic. The contract price was $3,500,000.

Prospect.

Mrs. Mary Welsh, an aged lady living about one and a half miles north of this place, died yesterday morning and will be buried today. The funeral services will be held at the M. E. church, Rev. Caleb Hill officiating.

Mrs. A. D. Mohr was buried yesterday at this place. Mrs. Mohr leaves a husband and six small children to mourn the loss of a wife and mother.

A false alarm of fire was created by large volumes of smoke that was seen issuing from the O'Connell Hotel. After a diligent search from cellar to garret it was found that the smoke came from one of the chimneys. No little excitement was caused when the above alarm was sounded. Had a fire occurred in that place last evening it would have swept the whole town, as the building is an old wood structure and all the buildings east of it on Water street, including the Exchange Hotel, would have been entirely swept away.

There was services at all of the churches yesterday, both in the daytime and in the evening.

The C., H. V. and T. changed time yesterday at noon, which will bring No 2, passenger that was due here at 8:05 before, here at 8:50.

Nov. 29, 1886.

Typhoid, Scarlet and Yellow Fevers, Diphtheria, Small-pox, Cholera, &c.

Darbys Prophylactic Fluid will destroy the infection of all fevers and all contagious and infectious diseases. Will keep the atmosphere of any sick-room pure and wholesome, absorbing and destroying unhealthy effluvia and contagion resulting therefrom. Will neutralize any bad smell whatever, not by disguising it, but by destroying it.

Use Darbys Prophylactic Fluid in every sick-room.

$10,000 DAMAGES.

John Holler Brings Suit Against Andrew Dutt for Slander, Asking $10,000 as the Damages for the Injury Done His Character.

The Hon. George Diegle, on Saturday, filed with the clerk of the court a suit brought by John Holler against Andrew Dutt for slander.

Holler claims that Dutt, by divers methods and at frequent times, assailed his character, and asks as idemnity for the same $10,000.

Holler claims that Dutt called him a thief and other harsh words, which reflected badly upon his character as a man. Holler further states that Dutt openly charged him with stealing chickens from his (Dutt's) premises. There are other charges preferred against him, but this latter is by far the most important.

Holler, no doubt, considers it a reflection which can not be brooked to be called a chicken thief, and properly resents such an indignity by bringing action against his assailant to recover $10,000.

Dutt owns a large farm about three miles south of this city and is estimated to be worth from $15,000 to $20,000. He is known over the entire county as a politician and is generally regarded as a man who would not thus slander the good name of a neighbor.

The defendant has not as yet secured a legal adviser is the matter, and what steps will be taken by him can not, as yet, be stated. Holler's action has created quite a stir in the vicinity in which he lives, as none expected it to assume such proportions. To be called a thief by a neighbor is bad enough, but when he is called a chicken thief his heart's blood soon gets to the boiling point, and every spark of manly pride, we suppose, gets brighter as the respiration goes up.

A Narrow Escape.

A drunken woman whose name is reported to be Bridget Blair, and who resides in Irishtown, came near meeting a horrible death on the N. Y., P. and O. Tuesday afternoon. The woman emerged from a saloon near the depot with a very uncertain step and started up the N. Y., P. and O. track, presumably for her home. She had hardly passed the depot, however, until she fell, but she picked herself up and started again; then down she went. She mustered courage to arise again and had nearly reached Greenwood street when she went down again, and in the careless humor so common among those in a maudlin state, she made no effort to rise this time.

While lying there train five whistled for Marion, but the woman made no move. Some men, however, who had watched her, ran to her and quickly lifted her body from the track, but none too soon for the train rounded the curve and passed a moment later. Insensible of the narrow escape she had from a horrible death under the wheels, Bridget was lifted into a wagon and hauled home where she probably sobered off in due season and was able to care for the crying babe that was needing a mother's attention.

Such incidents make a deep impression on witnesses of such pitiable scenes when a man is crazed by drink and unable to care for his miserable self, but the scene is doubly deplorable where a woman is the victim.

A New Enterprise.

For some time past the subject of starting a creamery at this point has been discussed, and it has not been until late that any steps towards starting an enterprise of this nature were taken.

However, Mr. Shoenlaub, of the People's Store informed the STAR that all monies for the erection of suitable buildings, etc., had already been subscribed, and that a site for the factory had been decided on.

The amount of capital stock is $3400, and with such men as Messrs. Knable, Shoenlaub and Huber at the helm, it cannot help but prove a success. Moreover, the country surrounding Marion is favorable to such an enterprise. The farmer can now find a ready market for his cream, and the cheese eater can be sure of getting nothing but the best quality of that article for consumption.

The factory will be built on Canal street, near Windsor. The projectors of the scheme intend to commence work on the structure the latter part of this week. It is expected that the entire thing will be completed by the latter part of December.

The Lecture Course.

The tickets are on sale for the lecture course at Denison & Co.'s, Freeland's, and at Wiant's book store, also at Hoberman's drug store and M. A. Turney's jewelry store.

The course ticket is only one dollar, and each individual who buys a ticket gets a chance on the elegant silver tea set on exhibition in Mr. Turney's window.

The course comprises Hon. Justin McCarthy, M. P., of Ireland; Gen. Lew Wallace, author of Ben-Hur; Rev. Nourse, of Washington, D. C., who, as Dr. Vincent says, as a lecturer "there are none better;" the Meigs Sisters Quartet, with the humorist Reynolds, as a musical combination have an enviable reputation.

The manager has adopted the popular price system for this course of entertainments, and as that is something new for Marion it ought to be encouraged. Single admission the evenings of entertainment will be 50 cents.

First entertainment will be the concert, Wednesday evening, Dec. 8th.

Seats reserved at Tristram & Young's.

Unsuccessful Attempts.

A click of petty burglars seemed to be working south Main street for all it was worth Monday night, but they didn't work effectively. While Saiter's store and tin store was closed during the supper hour a thief broke a pane of glass and entered the side door, not fearing detection and little in his line, the intruder left without doing any further damage than breaking the glass in the door.

Ackerman's music store was tried after closing up time. A hole was cut in the window sash in order to raise the window, but the glass was broken by the attempt at prying, and they were frightened away.

An entrance was gained at Geo. Lusch's saloon, through the back way, and some cigars were stolen, besides a few pennies in change. The visitors probably drank all they desired also.

POINTS AND POINTERS.

A very earnest and hard working old Irishwoman, who dwells in Stumptown, is bothered half to death by his wife drinking excessively of late. Last night he was lamenting the fact and unbosomed himself on his trials generally. His hearer sympathetically referred to his wife's intemperate habits, when the henpecked husband exclaimed: "Yes, sir, she's drinking to a success—drinking to a success, sir."

A Center street resident never loses a chance to kick for better street improvements on the beautiful highway he resides on. Tuesday afternoon a heavy tax payer from the east end stood on the Hotel Marion corner and watched the workmen stoning the chuck holes in East street. He was standing, watching the work thoughtfully, when the STAR came along. "There," said he, "is something we never see on east Center. Our street needs repairing badly and we pay more taxes, proportionately, than any street in Marion, but we never get a lick of work. Say something, won't you?" We do.

A bevy of traveling men were discussing railroad agents generally at the Kerr House the other evening, when one took occasion to remark that he never knew a better lot of agents than represent the roads at Marion. He is right, too. Where does the traveling public ever find a more genial or accommodating agent than Ed Dombaugh. The Bee Line people know they are indebted to Ed far a largely increased business, both freight and passenger. And there is John Beale. No ticket-seller can ever out-do John in pleasant manners and kind answers. Harry Culbertson, of the C., H. V. and T., is usually bashful, but is never backward in railroad business, and is always at the proper place to do a favor. Lastly, Uncle Ike Bigelow, of the C. and A., who is noted all over Ohio. He will actually walk up town to check a man's trunk if he thinks the fellow will listen to a story on the way.

"Uncle Frank Campbell was a very excellent business manager in his earlier days, and a very peculiar man as regards to trading," was remarked to the STAR since his death. "Men of his means are so often peculiar about buying apparel for their families; usually leaning on the economical side, for wealth, you know, is gained by economy. But Mr. Campbell never allowed any of his family to buy anything but the best. Why," continued our informant, who is in the mercantile business and had often dealt with Mr. Campbell, "he would often come to the store with the ladies and, though they were well pleased with a fair article, Uncle Frank would order it back and demand for the best."

"Why don't you mention the red heads in the court house?" asked 'Squire Scofield as he leaned over the counter in the recorder's office, and complacently admired Janitor Malloy's auburn hair. "Besides this fine specimen," continued George, "is the elegant looking deputy clerk, and the at-home-anywhere Sol Rupp. Sol denies the charge, but you can see for yourself." George might have added that Recorder Harraman gets red-headed whenever anyone says 'oysters,' and Auditor Waples is always talked 'till he's red-headed when there's a ditch hearing.

It is amusing to watch some of the hypocrites about town, and the way a few false pretenders devour the slimy scandal is truly refreshing. There are actually a few men and women in Marion who turn their nose at anything yet are buying the city dailies, or borrowing for no other purpose than to read of the royal rottenness reported from London. The Colin Campbell divorce suit attracts their attention because it is more than sensation. It is food for the vultures and they are devouring it much pleased.

Caledonia Chips.

Andy Ault, of whose mysterious disappearance mention was made in the STAR some weeks ago, and who, it is said, is not of sound mind, returned to his home near this village last Saturday, he having been in Seneca county.

Frank Blair, who has been running on a boat between Cleveland and Detroit, returned to his parents' home in this place today.

We are happy. Our stave mill commenced operations last night, and we are at last sure that we will have a factory. A contract by Messrs. Theiw & Dilts with the Standard Oil company at Cleveland for a large number of staves is the reason that we got it.

W. S. Rainer, of the firm of Rainer & Douce, druggists, returned home today from Cleveland, where he has been purchasing holiday goods.

Joe Blair left to day for Kouts, Ind., where he will visit relatives for a short time.

Nov. 30, 1886.

Prospect.

Word was received here yesterday that Geo. Wolfley's store at Radnor was burglarized Sunday night to the extent of about $50, in underwear, boots, etc. The burglars were tracked to this place. Marshal Kline arrested Henry Porter, familiarly known as "Doc," and lodged him in the village bastile on suspicion of being one of the burglars.

Yesterday was one of the busiest days here this season among hog and cattle buyers.

Morrow, Beem & Tyler, the proprietors of the old flouring mill, have put in a new roller process and started up yesterday for the first time in six weeks, having been idle for that length of time repairing.

Nov. 30, '86.

It Was a Farce.

The foot race that was to have taken place between "Pap" Bigelow and W. G. McEdwards proved to be a farce.

A few moments before the race was to take place Isaac demanded that W. G. give him twenty-five feet start on a race of sixty feet. This of course was refused him, and he taking injury from the refusal, withdrew the forfeit and declared the race off. "Pap" is aiming at notoriety, however cheaply he may purchase it.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

CUBAN ETIQUETTE.

EFFUSIVE POLITENESS FOUND IN HIGH-TONED SPANISH SOCIETY.

Use of Certain Initials on a Letter Envelope—An Effusive Form of Correspondence—Extravagantly Polite Speech—Gallantry on the Street.

I received a letter a few days ago from a Cuban. On the upper left hand corner of the outside of the envelope were the initials B. L. P. Now, any one who has studied Spanish knows that B. L. P. or B. L. M., in a letter of extreme politeness and etiquette, are used at the close of a letter; but the use of these initials on the envelope I hardly think is as familiar to the general student of Spanish. This is very usual, both here and in Spain on letters of some ceremony, and it is de rigueur on the envelopes of ceremonious notes, invitations, etc.

Ladies writing to gentlemen, or to each other, or gentlemen writing to each other, use B. L. M.—"Beso las manos" (I kiss the hands). Gentlemen writing to ladies use B. L. P.—"Beso las pies" (I kiss the feet). The compliment, of course, for the hands and feet of the party written to. The many expressions of friendship, respect, etc., used at the close of the Spanish letter are not sufficient without the usual B. L. M. or B. L. P. The following effusive form is much used in writing to a person even of very slight acquaintance: "With the sincerest professions of sympathy and friendship from her affectionate servant, who B. L. P." (kisses her feet), etc. To use one set of initials for the other shows a great ignorance of the etiquettes and conveniences of society. A Cuban lady of my acquaintance received on her fete day the usual compliment of a visiting card under cover from a gentleman. On looking at the envelope she threw up her head with a jerk and remarked that "one could easily see that that man did not know anything, or he never would have put B. L. M., instead of B. L. P., on an envelope sent to a lady."

A MATTER OF SPANISH TASTE.

I must acknowledge that I could not appreciate the nice difference. But after all on reflection, there certainly is some difference between B. L. M. and B. L. P., and it is only a matter of Spanish taste which is the most agreeable proceeding.

This is only one of the very little polite nothings of this very polite people.

On being presented to a stranger—if a lady—instead of the usual bow, more or less gracious, of our country, there is a cordial shake of the hand, accompanied by an extravagantly polite speech expressing the very great happiness this meeting has caused, ending with an offer to you from the lady of her house, which is, in other words, an invitation for you to visit her. A single man goes through the same style of complimental speech and concludes by telling you that he lives at such a number in such a street, and begs that if you need his services you will call on him.

Whether sincere or not, these little polite forms are the flowery adornments of speech, and help to make up the refinements and illusions of life, more or less agreeable, according to the view one takes of them. What would be received by an American woman as an impertinence is received by a Cuban with a gracious smile and a "gracias," said in a most pleasant tone of voice, as, for instance, on being helped into her carriage by a man who is a complete stranger to her. If a gentleman is passing on the street when a lady is about to enter her carriage—if no gentleman is with her—he hands her into her carriage. This is considered here only what a man who is a gentleman would do under such circumstances. Compliments are sometimes paid by gentlemen to ladies on the street, but are considered "bad style."—Cuba Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Cooking on Board Ship.

My first impression in watching the cooking on board ship was—how many practical lessons might be learned from it by cooks on shore! How often do cooks complain, "there is no doing anything in this pokey kitchen," the pokey kitchen being probably quite four times the size of the galley in which I am standing, in which breakfast, lunch and dinner have to be prepared for over 200 persons. The requisite qualities required for success are early rising, an entire absence of fussiness, and, by no means the least important, the power of looking ahead and seeing that each person minds his own business without interfering with another's.—Cassell's Magazine.

Professor Sanborn.

Professor Sanborn, of the Missouri State Agricultural college, has brought up many a wornout farm and made it pay handsomely. He has done that with the college land in Missouri, restoring it from a rugged, worn out farm up to a high state of cultivation and profit, equal to a net income of $1,000 dollars per year, while under the old management, which was similar to that of most other farms in the vicinity, it brought no income. The method now pursued is to feed out all the fodder grown, according to a system of ration designed to secure the greatest economy, and to return all the manure made to the soil. The farm keeps double the stock it could keep four years ago, and the grain crops are already twice as heavy as the average in the vicinity, and better are expected.

Our Corn Crop.

The area of corn has increased 20 per cent. since 1879, with very little stimulus from exportation, which has been but about 3 per cent. of the quantity produced. It still occupies more than half of the area in cereals, and produces greater value than any other crop except grasses for hay and pasture. The increase more than keeps pace with advance in population. The increase is more rapid in the west, and the crop is most productive and profitable between the parallels of 36° and 40°.

Girls of Montana.

The bread winning girls of Montana are a superior class. They are free from vices and extravagance, and succeed in any business they undertake better than many men. They take up tree claims, homesteads and pre-emptions, manage ranges, herd cattle and sheep, serve as school superintendents and sometimes take a hand in politics.—Indiana Farmer.

It is alleged that more than 5,000 cheap pianos are worked off in New York and Boston every year at sales of household goods, and each one is advertised as "belonging to a lady who is obliged to dispose of this magnificent instrument on account of financial difficulties." New York Post

The man who has never suffered any affliction is not reliable.

Don't Try to Be Funny

Corwin of Ohio, "Tom Corwin," as every one called him, was a natural wit, and his reputation as a humorous speaker was better established than that of any other man in congress or in the country. One evening, after he had delivered a speech at a political meeting in Ohio which had been highly complimented, he seemed dissatisfied with himself, and finally said to those around him in his room: "I feel in the mood just now to give a few words of advice to you young men, which I hope may influence your future lives. Let me say to you, in sober earnestness, don't try to be funny, like me. You could doubtless make better clowns than I have made of myself, but don't try. I shall regret to my dying day that I ever said a funny thing. The world will laugh at me; but the world despises the clown at last. I can do nothing else. When a speech is announced to be made by Tom Corwin, everybody expects a clownish performance, and anything else would not be tolerated.

"I am relegated to the circus ring for the rest of my life. Whether I feel serious, sad or happy, it is all the same—it must be a funny speech; and I know it, and I yield to this popular prejudice and clamor, and go on making a fool of myself, and shall continue to do so to the end of my career. The man who talks as I do never gets any credit for any solid attainments; he is never looked upon as a statesman; and if he gets any political preferment it is only as a sort of a joke, and not because he is supposed to be a statesman. If a man could talk funny when he felt like it, and talk sense at other times, or if it were possible to make people understand that he was only cracking a joke to amuse them, it might do; but that is not the way in which the world is constituted. A man must be funny or wise. You may rise higher in the long run to be wise. This reputation of mine hangs about my neck like the body of death. It is the Nemesis which will haunt me to my grave. Shun it while you may." These remarks made a great impression upon the young men to whom they were addressed, and when Mr. Corwin had concluded, they were as silent as though they had been in attendance upon a funeral.—Ben: Perley Poore.

A Boy's Composition.

At a recent meeting of the Old Seminary boys at Indianapolis the following, on a time-stained sheet of paper, was produced and read as a composition of half a century ago, the author being at that time of the tender age of 10 years: "A Eagle and Lion.—A eagle and lion is the King of birds and beasts. They is two kines of eagle, the ball eagle and the gole. There was wunce a gole eagle here on a stemebote and I saw it. Nat Cox kild a ball eagle at the ford tother day. They bill thare nes on the pint of the Aligane mountains, for John Elder tole me so, out of shinny clubs. I wish they was a nes on Noble's hill so we cood git clubs esy. Wunce a ball eagle took a boy to its nes in pants, and its papa and mamma ran up thar an foun him knockin the young eagles about with a shinny club and whorain fur joy. And that is all about a eagle. Now I will tell you about a lion. Buffin says a lion kin kill a elfant with his pa, and kin ete anything cept injun ruber wax. A lion will ete anybody less his name is dannel. I wisht they had cald me dannel, then Ike Key's dog lion cuddent bite me, and that is all about a lion.

"CHARLES FLETCHER, Jun."

A Truthful Diplomat.

When that model merchant, Abbott Lawrence, was at the height of his mercantile prosperity he was offered the post of ambassador to the English court, an elegant compliment to himself personally and to the honorable and influential class of whom he might almost be said to be the head. Before accepting he asked Mr. Everett, who had already occupied the post, "whether there was really any foundation in truth for the ancient epigrammatic jest that an ambassador is a person sent to a foreign government to tell lies for his own, adding that if such was the case his mind was made up; he had never yet told a lie, and he was not going to begin at the age of 56." Mr. Everett told him he could answer for himself as foreign minister; that he had never said a word or written a line which, as far as his own character or that of the government was concerned, he should have been unwilling to see in the newspapers the next day. This explanation, the upright merchant replied, removed one of his scruples.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

Everyday Paris.

I have seen Paris in the height of its imperial splendor, all gilt and tinsel, sawdust and spangles, when the court was a debauch and the government was a stock jobber, and fashion was a strife who could live the fastest; I have seen it in the dust and ashes of national disaster, newly come out of the valley of death, yet wet with blood and tears; and I have seen it a young republic, struggling for existence against every kind of enemy, exterior and interior; and with every change in its fortune it has been the same old seven-and-sixpence, happy-go-lucky, don't-care-a-cent-for-expenses, now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't, always ready to see company, and just as self-satisfied and lively in one lone chicken feather as in an ostrich plume, singing, laughing, dancing, cheating and courtesying, cajoling and flattering, lending and spending, swearing, fighting, crying, and, in short, enjoying itself; not so rich, perhaps, as it has been, but not a whit diminished in the wondrous shine and flow of its animal spirit. It reveres nobody and venerates nothing.—Henry Watterson

A Prediction Made by Lafayette.

While Lafayette was leading his army through Virginia during the revolutionary war, he predicted that the vicinity of Charlottesville would at some time be the vineyard of America. He was convinced of this by the appearance of the wild vines and the large amount of fruit they produced. After a hundred years and ten there is a prospect that this prediction will be verified. Wine production is now attracting great attention there and promises to become a very profitable industry.—Boston Transcript

Easy Way of Making Money.

An ingenious Frenchman has discovered an easy way of making a living. He stays in the neighborhood of registry offices and is always ready to serve for a small fee as witness, whoever comes to register a birth, marriage or death. The Englishman who was known to be within call whenever a dinner party numbered thirteen, and something must be done to avert bad luck, had perhaps a more agreeable occupation. Boston Transcript

If you've got any thing to do, de best way is for go on do it. Dar's no better time for kill de lion dan when she's fat.—Detroit Free Press

ST. MARK'S CHURCH.

A MOST PERFECT AND CONSUMMATE WORK OF ARCHITECTURE.

A Study of the Great Church in Venice. Pen Picture of a Wonderful Interior. Bewildering Lights and Shadows. Nothing In the World to Match It.

I know of nothing in all the world, unless it be an autumn sunrise through valley mists, that is so bewildering in its effect as is this marvelous creation. That it is the most fascinating and enchanting work is confessed by all who have ever come within its influence; but, further, I believe it to be the most perfect and consummate work of architecture in the world. This may be said hurriedly and thoughtlessly, or ignorantly, or vainly, but after long study, which serves only to disclose some hitherto unexpected beauty, I cannot name any building in England, France, Italy or Germany which can remotely be compared with it for perfect union of all the powers possible to architecture.

And now let us enter the church through the central porch—a kingly portal, indeed, fit for the central fact of the city that once was the central fact of the world, and remains even now its loveliest and most precious treasure. On either side rise wide ranges of slender shafts, serpentine and alabaster, and pure Greek marble and verd antique, each with its varied capital of intricate design. A double tier on either hand, from the top whereof springs the vast circling archivolt of most exquisite tracery. There the forest of columns closes closer and the arches sink lower, leaving above a vast field where once glowed the golden mosaic of the "Resurrection;" then, last of all, the finer, clear lines of the architrave, and so we pass beneath and stand within the atrium, that, in a series of low, vaulted domes, follows two sides of the basilica. A wonderful place even this, with precious columns of finest stone ranged everywhere along the wall, covered now with soft gray bloom, like a fresh grape, but polished here and there so that the exquisite veining shows in all its beauty. A long gray corridor this, that follows far around to the transept door beyond.

This is only the prelude to what is beyond. Lift the curtain of one of the side doors and go within. After the pearly light of the atrium all that one sees at first is a golden gloom, in the depth of which we stand. Shadowy shafts rise about us, and beyond them lies a great space of soft, golden light, not bright and clear, but low and solemn. Beside us a vast wide wall of polished marble of the color of incense smoke, warped into bending lines, lifts itself clear from the rugged mosaic beneath our feet; and as it rises the precious marble gives panels here and there of solemn saints and winged angels, shadowy in color, with dull gold gleaming behind them. Higher and higher reaches the field of stone, and changes now to vast, vague mosaics in strange design and mystic symbolism. Higher still, and long lines of soft light strike through high windows, and then far above comes the vast arch of a golden vault where still are figures and designs in endless measure. Down far below the shadows thicken and dark pillars and arches rise close, circle above circle, and through them one sees dimly how the shadows gather closer again and shape themselves into the indistinct form of a chapel, where slender shafts with fretted capitals, delicate statues of saints and screens of varied marble rise over the still deeper shadow beyond, where only is seen the flickering flame in brazen lamps and the dim glory of a golden aureole. And always through these gathered shadows glows here and there the golden light in some domelike vault or strikes a pencil of trembling rays from an unseen window. Yet all seems very small, with little space.

Let us walk toward the light in the chapel beyond: over the heaving floor of shattered mosaic we advance slowly as the shadow opens for us and closes behind. Shaft and pier and circling arch and inlaid vault fall always into new arrangements of perfect light and shade, and the eye lingers with loving delight on the carven marble of a thousand colors that sheathes the wall in every varying beauty. And now we stand among the vast piers of marble, four square, soft rosy brown in color, rising from bases of crimson marble, joined above with golden arches and lost above in gloom, where they bear the domes as yet unseen. Turn to the right, down the transept isle, into the deeper darkness, toward the strange Arabian doorway, where the red lamp burns continuously; then step out into the wide space of the transept, and without looking up, as yet, walk to the further aisle and sit down on the marble seat that stretches along the transept wall, and then raise your eyes slowly.

All the closeness of the shafts and piers is gone, and there opens before us a vast cave, hewn out into the form of a cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow apertures, like large stars, and here and there a ray or two from some far away casement wanders into the darkness and casts a narrow, phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colors along the floor."

Below is all strange shadow and indistinctness, whereupon the marble shafts seem to gather themselves into being like transmuted columns of purple incense, rising in slowly growing strength and clearness in the upper air, spreading into fair walls of polished alabaster that break and curve into vast and wonderful arches. And so upward, where seems a sunlight forever, for the walls glow as with broken gold, and arch and vault flash back swift gleams of fire or darken in heavy gloom of luminous shadow. And everywhere a wonder of mystic images on wall and arch and vault, higher and higher yet, until the pearled walls bend to each other and join in circling arches of sheeted gold, and last and over all into one magical semidome of circling domes, sheathed with splendid gold, and charged with solemn figures of saints and angels, and powers of good and evil; and over all Christ looks down upon His people.—Cor Boston Transcript.

Few Quails in Dakota.

Quails are almost unknown in Dakota, and some of the gun clubs are trying to introduce them. The Kimball Graphic notes as a remarkable freak that eight of the little birds alighted on the sidewalk in the business part of the city recently. They were evidently bewildered strangers in a country of the street was one of those instances where the merchant advertises.—Chicago Herald.

An economical observation—"My stars!"

MONEY MADE ON RAILROADS.

Itinerant Merchants Who Sell Papers and Fruits—Homely Dave's Feat.

Very few of the travelers who have been so often annoyed on railroad trains by the persistent and not always refined eloquence of the youths who try to sell them stale peanuts, decayed fruit and ancient literature, have any adequate idea of the amount of business these itinerant young merchants transact. In fact, it has often occurred to many a passenger as an interesting problem how in the world a train news agent manages to make enough to buy his salt. They see him go through the car time after time and sell nothing but perhaps a nickel's worth of apples, or a pint of peanuts, and they wonder if a hard-working young man can pick up a quarter a day out of that business.

These misgivings are natural enough, but they are entirely needless. Smart young men often make as much as $40 or $50 a week as news agent on railroad trains, and he is a very novice who cannot make from $15 to $20 without working very hard. Some idea of the extent and value of the business may be learned from the fact that from $5 to $15 are often paid for the right to sell on the trains of a single line of railroad for a year. In some instances much higher figures are reached. The right is usually bought by some big news company, which buys all its stock at wholesale and dictates absolutely just what shall be sold on the trains. Each news agent—"news butcher" is the tecnical term for him—has a big book in which all the stock he takes out of the office on each run is carefully entered up against him. When he comes back his stock is recounted down to the last apple and the last pint of peanuts. Comparisons with the news agent's book and the tab in the office are made, and then the "butcher" is allowed 20 per cent. commission on his sale at the established retail prices. That doesn't seem like a very big margin, but the boys increase it very substantially by crowding up the prices beyond the limits set by the company, and by various other devices not always of a nature that a Sunday school teacher would approve.

Then, too, the sales which appear legitimately on the book are much greater in the aggregate than any one not familiar with the business would imagine. On a day run from here to Syracuse, say, they may average $40. That is not nearly so good a run as it was a few years ago. In fact, the business in all this part of the country has greatly depreciated of late. So slight a matter as an old banana skin was responsible for a good deal of this. The late Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt was taking one of his western trips over the Lake Shore railroad, and in going through a day coach slipped and nearly fell on a banana skin that had been thrown on the floor. The right to sell on the Lake Shore, New York Central, and nearly all the eastern roads was controlled by the Union News company, of which Mr. Vanderbilt was the principal stockholder. At the next station he telegraphed home an explicit order that no more news agents should be allowed to carry fruit of any description to sell. Fruits are a rather important feature of the news agent's business, and trade on the eastern roads has never quite recovered from Mr. Vanderbilt's order.—New York Mail and Express.

Overworked Mme. Adam.

Long threatening has come at last in the case of Mme. Adam, who has gone on for years burning the candle at both ends. Her life has been intensely active and intensely feverish; a life of efforts in all possible directions; of show, publicity and (for the good of her "Review") advertisement. She has been cumulating the occupations of a hard headed, eager and go-ahead man of business with those of a still lovely woman—albeit a grandmother, and resigned to wearing, without any sort of disguise, her gray hair. Mme. Adam is now on an exclusively milk diet, and is lying by, as she needs absolute rest. Her next winter's quarters will be her new house in the Boulevard de Malesherbes, which she has been feverishly busy in building, decorating and furnishing. For the last ten years Mme. Adam has been a leading personage in the full dress circle at the theatrical and operatic first night; the grand promoter of, and central figure at, gala performances for charitable purposes; the godmother of young actors and actresses, musicians, pictorial artists, dramatic authors, and, in short, the Dame de Bon Secours to everyone who wanted a soft and strong helping hand and asked her to give it.—Chicago Herald.

The Pacific Coast Gum Chewer.

There is a ludicrous habit in this country, which shows how childish some of the people are. It is that of chewing gum. I remember that Stephenson, the novelist, in his "Silverado Squatters," mentions that his gigantic Apollo in the foothills chewed gum, and spat. It is, I think, a habit imported from Missouri, or else it was acquired among the foothills when tobacco was scarce. But grown-up Yankee people have engaged at the pleasure. A somewhat noted Massachusetts professor, who had lived here several years, was surprised because I did not chew gum. At Los Angeles I did a favor for a San Francisco practical politican, that is, I wrote for him a letter which he himself could not write. I had acquired a toothache from drinking much ice water, and seeing him take out a silver-plated box, I asked him for a bit of the tobacco. "It's gum," he said.—San Francisco Cor. New York World.

Watching the Train Come In.

Going to see the train come in is one of the diversions outgrown in the east, but still in vogue in the plains of the far west. Ranchers and cowboys often ride a score of miles to be at the little stations when the transcontinental train pulls up. One of them declares that train time is anticipated as breaking the monotony of a tedious existence. Soldiers from the garrisons are always seen at the stations observing the locomotive and gazing at the cars with an interest that shows how correspondingly depressing their lives would be without the railroad.—Boston Transcript.

Advertisement in an English Paper.

Notice to heirs. Samuel S—'s Extract of Onions, without smell and not causing any irritation, is the best extract in the market for producing the most plentiful supply of tears. Two shillings a large bottle, one shilling a half bottle. Be sure and see that the signature is on the bottle. Slightly moisten the under part of the eyelid with the liquid.

The Meanest Man.

"The meanest man in town," said a barber to a customer in the chair, "is a lawyer, who will come in one day, get shaved, and come in a day or two later and get his head rubbed and hair combed on the old shave."—Indianapolis Journal.

IN A BARREL HOUSE.

DEFINITION OF A TERM UNFAMILIAR TO MOST PEOPLE.

A Visit to a Peculiar Drinking Place in Brooklyn—Liquor at Five Cents a Swallow—Tough Proprietors and Rough Customers.

"Did you ever see a 'barrel house?'" said a certain keen eyed detective a few nights ago. "Never? Well, do you know the meaning of a 'barrel house?' No? Come with me, then, if you care to find out."

The detective led the way through a good many streets, down under the big bridge and along the docks to a part of Brooklyn that very few people except longshoremen and sailors know much about. At last the guide turned from the main street into a narrow, dirty alley and paused before a long black building that looked like a deserted warehouse. Then he stumbled down a flight of rickety stairs with his companion at his heels. A thump on the cellar door, through which a faint light shone, brought a lanky yet muscular citizen into sight. The man was dressed in a suit of jeans and a slouch hat, and did not look like a person whom you would particularly care to meet in a lonely place on a dark night. He allowed the detective and the reporter to enter without question.

The place was a cellar about 12x14 feet. It was dimly lighted by two or three candles stuck in bottles. Stretched on the floor were five ill favored gentlemen. They were playing old sledge with greasy cards. In the center of the room stood a big, oily looking barrel. Out of the bunghole issued a long rubber tube, the visible end of which was held by the lank citizen who had admitted the visitors. The floor of the dingy dive consisted of rough boards partly strewn with straw. A stove with rheumatic legs stood in one corner. In the opposite corner was a plain deal table littered with unwashed dishes. There was no other furniture.

"Jim," said one of the ill favored gentlemen on the floor, none of whom had take any more notice of the detective and his companion than a very long and very hard stare, "gimme a yank on that there pipe, will ye?"

"Gimme yer nick fust," said the tough looking citizen. After considerable fumbling in his pocket the ill favored gentleman produced five coppers, and the rubber tube was put into his hands. He stood up, and, throwing back his head, put the end of the tube in his mouth. The others looked on in silent envy while he took a mighty swallow. Before he could take another the wily Jim had jerked the tube out of his mouth.

"Only one swallow for a nickel," he said tersely; "don't try to hog it."

"This is a barrel house," said the detective. "Try some of the whisky. It's only a nickel a swallow."

The reporter deposited five cents with the tough looking proprietor, and tasted the contents of the barrel. It was simply liquid fire.

"Now you see what a barrel house is," said the detective as they left the place. "You might think that fellow was either running there without a license, or that he was crazy to run that kind of a place if he could raise money enough to pay for his license. Well, he has a license, all right enough, and he isn't a fool by any means. You see, by keeping that kind of a doggery he makes the rough people who patronize him think that he hasn't a license, and consequently he is both braving the law, which is a big thing in their eyes, and is able to sell them liquor very cheap. Then the people that he catches in that kind of a boozing den are men who wouldn't go near a more gaudy and pretentious resort. The secrecy of the place and its general poky nature make it a great favorite with persons who have good reasons for not wanting to appear much in society. So much for the dive itself. Now that rubber tube is a great scheme, though it doesn't seem so at first. In the first place, it saves a big outlay for a bar, glassware, furniture and bartender. Then, it enables him to pass off any kind of stuff for whisky, and that helps out his profits. Besides, it is the most economical way in the world to sell whisky. If that fellow had a bar and set out glasses his customers would pour out a full glass every time. Now they can only get one swallow before he jerks the tube away. Of course some of them have big mouths and can swallow a good deal at a time, but none of them can swallow a glassful. He keeps no accounts, gives no one credit and does a nice, comfortable, inexpensive and mighty profitable business—and sells the worst liquor to be had on the continent."

"Are there any more like him in Brooklyn?"

"Two or three. The one we just left is the worst. The others are rather better and one is fairly decent. There you get with your whisky a sandwich or a bowl of soup. Three or four barrels are on tap there and chairs for the customers and other conveniences. But they all dispense liquor that would make a statue weep. I suppose that one barrel house will turn out more delirium tremens in a year than a dozen ordinary saloons. I have seen men who frequent them getting burned out by the horrible stuff until they have ended with the shivers."

"How do they get their licenses?"

The detective shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, some of them fit up decent places and get licenses the first of the year and then turn over their elegant fixtures to somebody else and move into a neighboring cellar. Do they keep the excise law? You bet they do, for they know we're watching them all the time, and would be only too glad to get a chance to break them up."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Quite as Much.

Taking it by and large, children have quite as much reason to be ashamed of their parents as parents have to be ashamed of their children. Perhaps a good deal more.—Boston Transcript.

There is no human life so poor and small as not to hold many a divine possibility.—James Martineau.

Women generally do not make good detectives. They have too many nerves and too little nerve.

In St. Louis 7,000 pounds of copper have been used in making just one steam kettle for a brewery.

American students of art at Munich are increasing in number. There are now over 100 there.

The regular army of Russia numbers 780,081; when on a war footing it is 2,300,000.

Chautauqua circles are being organized all over Nebraska.

IN CHICAGO'S SHOW WINDOWS.

The Displays Made to Attract the Attention of the Crowds of Passers-by.

There is a craze among merchants for attracting to their show windows the attention of crowds that surge along the streets. Displays of copies of illustrated papers are quite common. A clothing firm incurred considerable expense in the purchase of a set of rare comic pictures. Another placed in its window a clock machine which dropped a printed card and rang a bell every minute, but the crowd did not seem to appreciate either the bell or the poetry printed upon the cards, and the stay of the machine was of short duration. A Madison street tobacconist has made a hit with a comic figure which stands in the window and flings a package of tobacco over his head from hand to hand. The dude manikin or automatic cigarette smoker displayed by a tobacco firm on Dearborn street some months ago drew as big audiences as Booth.

Another establishment on Madison street makes a specialty of pictures and souvenirs of the great fire. Furniture dealers have attracted much attention to their windows by displaying therein beds beautifully furnished and with dummy human beings snuggled under the beautiful coverlets. A Fifth avenue merchant has in his show window a pretty cataract in miniature, "with real water." A butter store on the North Side displays a comely young woman churning with the old perpendicular, arm-tiring dasher which reminds passers-by of hours of wretchedness in their boyhood days. A trunk dealer at the corner of Dearborn and Madison streets shows the skin of a Brazilian anaconda and boa constrictor: also an elephant's hide. A restaurant keeps a living lamb and rabbit in a little box just behind its plate glass front. A hatter gifted with a satirical vein hangs up a placard announcing: "A Suit of Clothes and an Overcoat Given Away With Every Hat."

A State street jeweler causes chills to run up and down the sensitive backs of superstitious people by showing them specimens of cremation urns in which the ashes of one's ancestors or mother-in-law may be neatly kept upon the parlor mantle. No Chicago milliner has as yet imitated the New York extreme of placing in the show window a beautiful maiden not of wax, but of real flesh and blood, attired in "the latest" from toe to topknot, but a young Chicagoan has placed upon the market a window device which should make his fortune. In passing a store where this invention is employed to attract your attention you hear a sharp tapping upon the glass. Could anything be better designed to stay your steps and turn your head. How natural to think the tapping meant for you alone—presursing an invitation to take something, or to dine, or at least have a chat and a good story with some old friend of whose business location you were unaware? But on looking you behold instead of the face of a friend a blue pasteboard policeman about two feet high, hugging the glass as if it were a saloon stove on a January night. In his hand is a miniature club, with which he taps the pane, and just beneath his well-turned figure is the appropriate placard: "We Knock Them All Out On Prices."—Chicago Herald.

Street Singers of New York.

Street singers are now almost as common in New York as in Paris, and they seem to be of the genuine Parisian stock, they sing in the genuine Parisian head voice and their selections are of the same dismally sentimental order. They work the residence streets uptown, and you rarely see them on the busier thoroughfares. Commonly they travel in couples, one playing in a distressed fashion on a flageolet or a fiddle, and the other singing, and the singer is generally a woman. The queerest couple are two women, one who sings and the other who gathers in the change. This latter is a comfortable looking, middle-aged woman with one arm. Her dress is artfully cut to show the short stump of her right arm in all its pitiful suggestiveness, and the commisseration it excites is worth a good living to her. I remember this vagrant as long as I have been in New York. When I first saw her she was a handsome German girl of 18 or 20, who wandered among the haunts of theatrical people, never saying a word to anyone, but simply holding out her single hand, which the sympathetic players crossed with small coin even when their own pockets were nearly bare. She has grown older and plumper, but it seems to me that she still wears the same dress of coarse gray stuff, and she is certainly no more loquacious than ever. If she has a husband she must pour forth a vast flood of curtain lecturing to compensate for her public abstinence from the pet exercise of her sex.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

Hair and English Celebrities.

It is curious how much hair has to do with the success of the average English celebrity. Oscar Wilde, Henry Irving, Wilson Barrett, and any other of the great ones from the isle across the sea, would not have been half so successful in this country bereft of their curly locks. The next importation, Mr. Whistler, fully appreciated the value of hair as an aid to advancement in the world. He is an American by birth—of which most people, by the way, are not aware—and he easily distances all British celebrities in the matter of hair, because he has been endowed by nature with singular generosity as to quantity and a noticeable eccentricity as well. This eccentricity consists of a large tuft of hair on the forward part of his head, which is quite gray and in sharp contrast to the rest of his hair. Some of Mr. Jimmy Whistler's more ardent female admirers in London speak of it as the "silver splash," and Mr. Jimmy Whistler, in theatrical parlance, works the "splash" for all it is worth. He is a clever man, an ingenious painter, and his success in London has been very great. It is rather odd that an American should hold the post of president of the Society of British Painters, and Mr. Whistler's great success in that office is but another tribute to his genius. He wears the splash in the form of a great curl down over his forehead.—Brooklyn Citizen.

A Self-Sacrificing Woman.

Omaha Dame—You seem very fond of that Mrs. De Cash. New York Dame—Yes; I wish you could meet her. She is the most self-sacrificing woman in New York. "Indeed!" "I should say so. Why, her husband gave her $300 to buy a new parasol, and she spent every cent of it for doctors' fees and medicine." "Ah, I see—" "Yes, poor little Pet, but I really don't believe the old dear would have lived if she hadn't."—Omaha World.

There is an artesian well 1,000 feet deep at Aberdeen, S. D., that throws out numbers of fish that look like the ordinary brook minnow.

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LOCAL NEWS.

—Auction tomorrow at Weil Bros'.

—Mrs. Anna Hobbs is visiting in Bellefontaine for a couple of weeks.

—Private sales in the morning at Weil Bros'.

—Miss Hughes, of Prospect, is visiting Mrs. E. Hughes, on Pearl street.

—Cloaks 50 cts. on the dollar at Weil Bros'.

—Rollie Shute is in Cincinnati in the interests of his employer, J. W. Stringer.

—Private sales in the morning at Weil Bros'.

—D. Wirt Morrill, of Bucyrus, is in the city visiting, the guest of A. D. Matthews.

—Do not fail to attend the auction tomorrow at Weil Bros'.

—Caledonia Argus: Mrs. John Kail, of Marion, was visiting in Caledonia on Sunday.

—Auction of Dry goods at Weil Bros.' tomorrow at 2 p. m.

—A son and daughter of Fred Haberman are sick with diphtheria, but it is not of a malignant form.

—Attend the auction of Weil Bros. tomorrow. Commences precisely at 2 p. m.

—Tracy Henderson, of Upper Sandusky, is caring for George Christian, in the sick room, this week.

—J. C. Kail, of Bucyrus is in the city visiting friends and relatives, the guest of A. D. Matthews.

—The cold wave came in a hurry Wednesday night and froze up the fellows "that told you so" about it coming.

—Jno. Stose, of Spencerville, O., has been visiting his brother, Chas. Stose, on south West street, for the past week.

—Miss Jennie Walkup, of Auburn, California, is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Cummin, on east Center street.

—Miss Alice Cull has returned from Cincinnati, where she has been a student at the Conservatory of Music for the past three months.

—Fred Haberman has had his residence on north East street greatly improved by adding one of J. W. Stringer's steam heating apparatuses.

—This weather must have proven a terror to unsheltered stock, and there are a great many cattle that have no more protection than a straw stack.

—The Marion Upholstery company is having such a rush of business that they can scarcely find time to prepare work for their local holiday trade.

—Mack Mitten and Blanche Carey were licensed to marry Wednesday, and James B. Coleman and Nannie A. Selanders were granted a license Thursday.

—Three bums and one unfortunate woman, who is making her way homeward to Decatur, Ind., enjoyed the warm fire at the city prison Wednesday night.

—Jacob Keiler now has an up-town office where he looks after business for the King hay carrier. He occupies the room vacated by Dr. Denman in the Bennett block.

—After a careful consideration of the Jones ditch matter the commissioners established that water course, Wednesday, and have ordered the work to be sold December 13th.

—Several droves of hogs were delivered in this city Thursday for shipment to the Buffalo market. The weather would seem a barrier to shipping, but the porkers squeal and have to stand it.

—Lizzie Lape has purchased the house she occupies in West Marion at Sheriff's sale, paying $995 in cash for the same. Lizzie has evidently been playing to good houses, as the theatre language goes.

—John F. Gray, assignee of James B. Ritzy, has filed report of sale of real estate in Probate court and the same has been approved. The sale makes a transfer of 99¾ acres to E. Coon for the sum of $5685.

—The roads are in pretty good condition for the snow now, to make sleighing for the holidays. The pikes are smooth and the mud roads are not nearly so rough as they usually are at the beginning of December.

—Well, well, well. We are reliably informed that two "bankrupt" clothing houses are coming to Marion and locate side by side in the Conrad block. We shall not be surprised to see clothing given away in a few days.

—A female was prominent on the streets Thursday vehemently cursing those who did not see fit to be charitable toward her in a pecuniary way. Her oaths were of a kind that would knock a coal digger silly. Queer people are many of those who beg.

—The prosecution of the "Fricks," who have so shamefully persecuted old Mrs. Snodgrass, has been postponed until better evidence can be secured against them. The old lady is slightly demented, and her testimony unsupported could not go very far in a legal sense.

—Ed Dorward was on Thursday evening, married to Miss Ida Berry, at the residence of the bride's parents, on Windsor street, Rev. A. D. Matthews officiating. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the friends of the contracting parties. We wish the newly married couple much joy through life.

—G. S. McGuire was out and settled the loss made by the burning of the Z. Drake property, owned by W. A. Virden, in Montgomery township. The Springfield F. & M. Insurance company, in which the property was insured, paid Mr. Virden $160 for total loss on building and $23 for household goods burned.

—A neighboring exchange records the fact of a boy, fifteen years old, recently traded chewing gum with a companion who had diphtheria. He contracted the disease and died, and from him his father, his brother and two younger children have become infected, and the wife and mother is the only one of the family not afflicted with it.

—The county commissioners were in regular quarterly pike session Thursday. Besides the allowance of bills for pike purposes, stoning of the alley north of the [illegible] from Main to East street was ordered. The Commissioners deem this [illegible] since the alley was all torn up by the laying of the tunnel that contains the heating pipes.

—The Mirror is out with the announcement that Mayor Gailey has a "purp." There are several around who think that Hen Cunningham is the donor, who gave it in the spirit of revenge, like the Oriental custom of giving an elephant to an enemy as an effectual way of getting even. Of course, Hen couldn't get in elephant, and a "purp" is the next best thing to avenge that "city teamster hoax."

—George Dwyer, our capital township clerk and Tim Kelly's right hand man, was married Tuesday to that very estimable young lady of this city, Miss Myrtle Stewart. The ceremony was performed at Union City, Ind., where Miss Myrtle has been visiting. George has returned to Marion leaving the happy bride in Union for a few days, but she will soon join him here, and this will be their future home.

—Kosciusko Lodge, I. O. O. F., held its annual election of officers Monday night with the following result: Chas. Stose, N. G.; Chas. Myers, V. G.; Wm. Fies, P. S.; J. S. Dudley, treas.; R. A. Boyd, sec'y; A. H. Kling, E. Rush and T. J. Magruder, trustees; and Fred Isslieb, property trustee. A banquet followed and it was one of those excellent affairs that the Odd Fellows get up when the notion strikes them that way.

—Wednesday afternoon a shot was fired through an upstairs window in the residence of C. C. Fisher, on Mt. Vernon avenue, but the force of the missle was well nigh spent and no further damage was done than the breaking of the large glass. Charley is not disposed to think it an attempt to assassinate him, but thinks, and rightly too, that there is too much careless ness in the discharge of firearms inside the city limits.

—H. D. Morrill, the popular representative of J. F. Lust, the confectioner, came in off the road Thursday, having already sold all the orders that the house can supply. Although Mr. Lust's manufacturing facilities were double this year, the house has been kept behind its orders for the holidays, and Harry has come in off the road to help manufacture. This shows a kind of business that must be highly satisfactory to Mr. Lust.

—That clarinet player, Harry Custer, who is as well a sneaking dog and dead beat, has shown his true inwardness at Mt. Gilead, and the K. of P. band in that city is well rid of him. The band of that place, it seems, owed Harry a balance for services as leader and, seeking to collect it, Harry waited until an audience had gathered at Levering Hall to hear the weekly concert and then demanded the sum before the opening number should be rendered. Of course he was summarily dismissed and the audience dispersed without a concert. We simply chronicle this episode because the Marion band was a like victim of Harry's treachery and many people have believed the band was at fault. Harry is a bad man.

Our New Enterprises.

The STAR man in going his rounds this morning visited several of the new industries of the city.

First was Weinberger Bros. overall manufacturing establishment. This institution is not many years old, having been located here about two years. During that time they have established the reputation of their goods, and now enjoying a fine trade and an enviable reputation. The demands for their goods are greater than the supply, and they are constantly increasing their force of employes. Weekly they disburse hundreds of dollars to the poor families of the city, and they in this manner relieve much of the distress that invariably accompanies poverty. Weinberger Bros. are enterprising, energetic and affable gentlemen, and will no doubt in the course of a few years have an establishment of no mean proportions.

Visiting the Central Ohio Suspender company, the STAR man was struck with the number of hands this institution already employes. They have been in running order for about two months, but during that time the demands made upon them by the trade is of such a nature that they with difficulty have supplied the calls for their goods. They intend shortly to put in a larger force of hands and to run their institution to its fullest capacity. The proprietors deserve to thrive, and they will reap the reward of their energy and enterprise.

Musicale.

The Misses Ella and Carrie Winnek gave the second of a series of musical entertainments at their residence on south Main street, Thursday evening. A fine program was rendered, and the impression made by some of their pupils was of a note worthy character, showing that they fully comprehend the gist of their instruction, and are in a fair way to become, in due time, fine vocal and instrumental performers. Among those doing themselves great credit were the Misses Rayl, Maggie Beatty, Mary Fies, Irey Patton, Birdie Nichols, Masters Johnny and Dan Evans. The Glee class of young ladies, consisting of the Misses Maggie Beatty, Mary Fies, Birdie Nichols and Lulu Rayl, acquitted themselves with distinguished credit. Their voices seem perfectly adapted to each other, and possess remarkable beauty, and the most wonderful degree of musical skill and proficiency in ensemble singing. Each of their efforts were received with manifestations of delight.

Cochranton.

Mrs. Jacob Shultz, who has been very sick, is recovering.

On Wednesday, Nov. 30th, Mr. D. Davis butchered some hogs and, when through butchering, Mr. Davis and hired hand went to grind an ax, thinking they had put out all the fire at the place where they had boiled water for scalding purposes. After they left Mr. Davis' little boy, aged about 6 years, went out in the yard and got to playing around in the ashes. He was not out but a very few minutes when he ran toward the house enveloped in flames. His mother and grandmother (Mrs. Lucinda Gray) soon put out the flames and removed the little fellow's clothing, when it was found the child was badly burned, but not dangerous. The two women burned their hands severely. The presence of mind of the child served, by running home, in saving his life.

Cochranton, Dec. 2, '86. GUARD.

THE LOCAL LEGISLATURE.

The City Council Meets in Regular Session and Discuss Matters to a Late Hour—A Step Toward Waterworks.

The city council met in regular monthly session Wednesday evening, the mayor, clerk and all councilmen being present. Not a great amount of business was transacted but a few points are important, and and the session lasted well, probably because the members were slow to start for home in the fierce cold.

The first business transacted was the granting of a license to Music Hall for one year at the nominal price of $5, which, however, was not by a unanimous vote. The move is made simply to comply with the law.

The treasurer's monthly report followed, but in reality it is a two months' report, as the council transacted no business at the November meeting. Mr. Meyer reported the sum of $2,321.65 to have been disbursed, leaving a ballance of $3,120.96 in the treasury.

Mayor Gailey's report followed, showing $7 to have been collected in fines, $4.50 for house rent, $5 for hall rent and $3000 borrowed of the Farmers' Bank. He turned over to Treasurer Meyer $400 for general puiposes, $700 for gas purposes, $1,700 for street purposes and $16.50 not itemized. This loan of $3000 had been ordered two months ago, as the city treasury would hane become bankrupt without it.

The committee on accounts went over the monthly accumulation of bills and ordered them paid.

The gas committee was instructed, by a motion that prevailed, to contract with the Marion Gas Light company to furnish gas at not more than $12.50 per year for 5 foot burner posts, to burn all the dark hours until 3 a. m., averaging eighteen nights per month.

The plat of four lots layed out by George Krause and wife, on the corner of Canal and Windsor streets, was accepted. The ground for street purpose was given the city in the authorized plat and the lots properly numbered.

The council then made an unanimous move towards waterworks. The committee on fire department was ordered to prepare a form for taking bids for waterworks, and was instructed to report at the next meeting.

The petitions of property holders for the improvement of the alley running east and west on a line with Quarry street, from Star street to East, was not taken up, and the petition for the opening of Windsor street from Bellefontaine avenue to South street, was also left on file without consideration. The council would be highly pleased to open Windsor street, but the city is wholly unable to buy the property that such a move would necessitate.

The business being ended the council went in a body with Dan'l Lawrence to the English Kitchen and partook of oysters at that gentleman's expense. The way this little diversion came about was Mr. Lawrence's own fault entirely. While disputing a point with Street Commissioner Walsh, Mr. Lawrence wanted to bet the oysters. At once the city dads cried in concert for the oysters and he couldn't back out for Walsh refused to bet. After regaling themselves thoroughly the dads went home strongly impressed that, after all, there are a few pleasant occurrences in a councilman's career.

Caledonia Chips.

[From the Argus.]

We regret to learn that Dr. Francis is confined to the house with a severe attack of inflammation of the kidneys.

We are sorry to hear that Captain T. W. Roberts is not so well this week. He had been improving for a week or two previously.

The new bell for the M. E. church is on its way, if not already here, and we may expect soon to hear something like a tone from that quarter.

After a suspension of a few months the Caledonia orchestra has been reorganized and commenced to practice, under the leadership of J. C. Irwin. Now see if the boys don't make music before the robins nest again.

We understand that preparations are being made for a fair or festival in connection with the M. E. church before Christmas, and that Christmas entertainments will be given at the M. E. church and the Universalist church.

Uncle Frank Campbell, Dead.

"Uncle" Frank Campbell died Sunday morning at his residence, on west Center street, from a number of diseases that have for some past years been afflicting him. Mr. Campbell was 77 years of age, and was able until a few days ago to move around as usual.

He was a man of considerable fortune, having accumulated in the neighborhood of $200,000 during his lifetime. He owned numerous buildings in the city and was a most enterprising and worthy citizen. His business block on the corner of Center and Main streets was appropriately draped in black, Monday morning, and the merchants who occupy his rooms showed their appreciation by closing their establishments from 12 o'clock until the close of the ceremonies attending the burial of Mr. Campbell, Tuesday.

A sympathetic public extend their heartfelt sorrow to the bereaved family.

They Must Have It.

EDITOR MARION WEEKLY STAR.—Your Weekly STAR failed to reach this office last Saturday, and your humble servant has been bothered to death. Old men have called for it, old women miss it and are mad at Grover for not attending to such important matters, little children can not sleep, for they have nothing to dream about. If you have any respect for humanity, send them along, if it is late, and stop this terrible rush.

I have tried to comfort them by offering them sample copies of the Independent and Mirror, but they have no soothing influence. Nothing will satisfy but the Marion Weekly STAR.

If you fail at any future time to have them on time I will resign, for I can not stand this confusion.

Yours,

O. W. JOHNSTON, P. M.

Morral, O., Dec. 1.

WALKS AND TALKS.

"The people of this world who fare well do not know of the trials of the less fortunate class," said a Center street grocer to the STAR. The remark was made just after a lady had emptied the nickle in her pocketbook onto the counter in payment for a half peck of potatoes, four pounds of flour and a small cut of smoked bacon. The application of the remark was very apparent, and we asked if there were many such buyers. "Lots of them," was the reply, "and it does me good to wait on them. That class is really happier with a purchase like the one you just saw than some are with a delivery wagon loaded with all the best and latest in the market.

The season has arrived for the fireside pun. A gang of respectable loafers were arguing whether the caterpillar makes the butterfly, when a boarding house landlord offered the statement that "buckwheat cakes makes makes the butterfly." Every chair was emptied and molasses had callers that night than there would have been if the pun had been omitted.

"This weather makes increased demands on the Relief Society," said a lady to the STAR, this morning, "but the very ones that need help most are those who will never apply for aid. There are many, we find, that are sorely in need of assistance, but are too proud to acknowledge the fact and make their wants known." And so it is. The most worthy are not of the kind that apply for succor.

As December is about to close the year we are reminded of the remarkable improvement of Marion in '86. The court house completed, two splendid new churches finished, a new flouring mill, two good new brick business blocks, and the scores of new dwellings show a healthy improvement that Marion citizens can refer to with pride.

"Say, get out your pad, for here's a pointer. I hear a little talk of a local dramatic company and I want you to crush it out with one swoop of your pen, if you can." The speaker of the above quotation was evidently in dead earnest, so, with a full pen of ink, one wriggling stroke of the pen was made, and it read "Game to the Last." If the remembrance of that doesn't check the vaulting ambitions of any amateur dramatists, the STAR will make no further attempt.

A few of the old boys are kicking for a show on the order of the Adamless Eden, British Blondes, or Lilly Clay's female minstrels. It is probably just to say that the demand is not on account of any inclination of taste in that direction, but because the list of bald heads has been mislaid and nothing short of such an entertainment will make it possible to get the new list complete.

Marion Public Schools.

Following is the Superintendent's report of the Marion Public Schools for the month ending Novembber 26, 1886:

Whole Number Registered,	846
Number Boys,	415
Number Girls,	431
Number Enrolled this Month,	802
Number Boys,	395
Number Girls,	407
Average Weekly Enrollment,	780 2
Average Daily Attendance,	741.7
Average Daily Absence,	37.8
Average per cent. of Attendance,	95.1
No. of Days School was in Session,	18
No. Neither Absent nor Tardy,	478
No. Cases Tardiness,	25
No. Cases Truancy,	6
No. Cases Corporal Punishment,	5
No. Non-Resident Pupils,	21
No. Visitors,	26

A. G. CROUSE, Supt.

Farmers' Institute.

The Farmers' Institute will be held Dec. 13 and 14, at Music Hall, commencing at 10 a.m. sharp. Good music will be furnished. The following speakers from abroad are to be present: L. N. Bonham, T. B. Terry, Prof. L. D. Brown and G. W. Campbell. There will be a question box and general discussion.

WM. BROCKLESBY, Pres't.

C. S. LIPPINCOTT, Sec'y.

Notice to Republicans.

The primary meeting to affect a permanent organization of the Young Men's Republican club will be held at City Hall, Saturday evening, Dec. 4, at 7:30. All wishing to become charter members, whether they have signed or not, are requested to be present.

Notice of Appointment

ESTATE OF STEPHEN A. HENRY, DECEASED

The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administratrix of the Estate of Stephen H. Henry, late of Marion County, deceased.

Dated this 29th day of November, A. D. 1886.

ANNA HENRY, Administratrix.

PURELY VEGETABLE.

It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the

LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.

AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR

Malaria, Bowel Complaints,
Dyspepsia, Sick Headache,
Constipation, Biliousness,
Kidney Affections, Jaundice,
Mental Depression, Colic.

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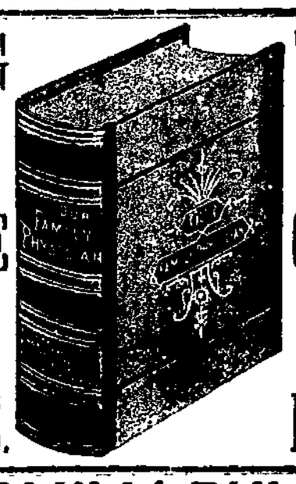

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—IN—

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TOBACCO AND LIQUORS.

CURIOUS HABITS OF FOREIGNERS IN REGARD TO THEM.

No Spitting Abroad—Pretty Barmaids. Babies and Wine—The Drinking Places of Faust, Luther, Mozart and Robert Burns—The American Bar, Etc.

[Special Correspondence.]

PARIS, Oct. 21.—There is as much difference in the tobacco of the different countries as there is in their manners. France and Italy make their own tobacco and the smoker finds as poor cigars in these countries as anywhere else in the world. The French government gets a revenue of $45,000,000 a year out of its manufacture and sale of tobacco, and it has here at Paris a big factory where are made the most of the cigars used in Paris. Here are employed 2,200 hands, and of these 1,900 are females. The best cigars in France are those which are imported. The average Frenchman smokes a poor cigar and the most of those sold range from one to three cents each. The French are great smokers of cigarettes, and packages of good cigarettes may be gotten for from sixteen to thirty cents a package. You never see a French man on the street with a pipe in his mouth, and cigars are used here in preference to pipes.

This is different in England, Scotland and Ireland, where all smoke pipes, and where the cigar is the exception. The Englishman of the better class is not ashamed to smoke a pipe upon the street, and in the smoking cars, in the hotels, and, in fact, everywhere, you may see well dressed men with short black pipes in their mouths puffing vigorously. The pipe used in England is the short stemmed briar wood pipe. There are few pipes with bent stems, and nearly every smoker uses a tobacco pouch. The tobacco used in England is all long cut, and even that imported from America is of this character. A tobacconist seldom shows you a case of tobacco of one grade. He hands out two or three different grades, and mixes them together in the selling. Many of the tobacco stores of Ireland put up their tobacco for customers in little round packages, like a cigarette package. They do this by means of a funnel, into which they pound the tobacco, and then slide it out into a round paper wrapper, the ends of which they tuck in, and thus save the expense of string. Less string seems to be used in tying up small packages abroad than with us, and a piece of wax or mucilage often takes the place of twine. There is economy in smoking also, and a half used pipe is tucked carefully away and lighted again. There are many American cigarettes sold over Europe, and I saw the lewd photographs of the factory at Richmond in the shop windows of both London and Paris.

There is little chewing of tobacco in Europe, and I have yet to see the first man spitting tobacco juice. Many of the largest tobacco stores keep no chewing tobacco at all, and a party of American friends of mine hunted all over Antwerp in search for some. They finally got a piece of old plug twist, which was so dry that it seemed to have been in the store for years. The tobacconist who sold it said he had never had a call for it before.

The foreign smokers do not spit as we do, and there is almost an entire absence of spittoons in the public buildings. The hotels of England all have smoking rooms, and these are generally connected with the office of the hotel. A waiter in a swallow tail coat presides over the smoking room, and it is his duty to attend to the wants of the loafers there. In the larger hotels there are electric bells to call waiters, and it is in the smoking room of such hotels and not at the bar that the drinking is done. A great part of the drinking of England is done in these smoking rooms. A tap upon a bell calls a waiter, and the man thus orders his drink. If it be beer or porter it is brought in a pint cup of plated silver; if it be wine it is brought in the bottle, and whisky comes either in the bottle or the glass, as you want it.

The English do not drink whisky as we do. They sit a long time before their glass and sip it. First a sip, then a smoke, then another sip and another smoke, until the glass is empty. They do not drink whisky straight or pure, but mix it with water, and a water carafe always accompanies a glass of whisky. Whisky is seldom given out in bottles. The most common drink among hard drinkers in Great Britain seems to be gin. Scotch and Irish whisky is often drunk, and the price of whisky is perhaps a little cheaper than in America. The English are, however, rigid as to measurement of glasses, and the man who had the dealing out of the liquors at the Edinburgh exhibition almost lost his privilege because his whisky measure was not as large as the regulation one. Whisky is sold in glasses and half glasses. The half glass costs six cents, a whole glass about twelve. A great deal of money is made in selling liquor abroad, and the millionaires of Dublin have founded their fortunes upon liquor. The Guinness family, who make the "stout" or "porter," are immensely wealthy, and one of them was made a baron some time ago. There are also millionaires in Glasgow who have become so by monopolies of the saloon business, and it is a queer thing in Dublin that the two greatest cathedrals there have been rebuilt out of the profits of whisky and porter.

The English drink great quantities of ale, stout and beer, and it is the universal custom abroad to drink at meals. The average man thinks nothing of a pint bottle of beer or wine, and I have seen many drink as much as a quart during a single meal. Coffee and tea are used at breakfast, and there is a great deal of tea drunk in England. At a table d'hote dinner on the continent there is no tea drunk, and the water used is always mixed with wine. Men, women and children drink at the table.

The foreigner never thinks of taking a lunch for a picnic or a railroad ride without including a bottle of liquor to wash it down. I saw a little baby of 2 years riding with her mother on a Holland railroad train. The mother had a wine bottle, and she offered this frequently to the little one, who put her lips to its mouth and drank thus out of the bottle. During the ride of a couple of hours this baby drank, I should judge, fully a pint of wine, and when her mother at last corked the bottle she cried for more.

The French are great wine drinkers, and the poorest man has his bottle of wine with his dinner. Many of the prices for dinners in Paris include wine, and it is not an uncommon sight to see a family of Parisians drinking wine together on a boulevard. The French drink a great deal of absinthe, and they are also fond of black coffee, which they drink out of goblets. They often mix with this coffee about a thimbleful of cognac brandy, and a very poor article of brandy is sold in Paris. For six or ten cents you can get a very nice glass of coffee with a thimbleful of brandy, and it is customary in Paris to drink this after a big meal while sitting and gossiping on the boulevards. Brandy and soda is drunk largely in England, and soda and whisky are sometimes mixed. There are few mixed drinks abroad, and treating is not so common as with us. You often see men drinking alone, and when men wish to drink in company with others they go rather to the smoking room of a hotel than to a bar. The French drink very little champagne, and I have seen it stated somewhere that there is more champagne drunk in America than in all France. Claret is the most common wine in France, and many of the poorest Frenchmen drink cheap wine.

The beers of England are much heavier than those of our country. They are also much heavier than those of Germany, and it is a well-known fact there is more drunkenness in England, Scotland and Ireland than in Germany, France or Italy. All of the lower classes of Glasgow seem to get drunk of a Saturday night, and throughout Ireland, Scotland and England I saw many drunken people of both sexes. I saw some drinkers who appeared to be stupid in Paris and it may have been that they were half drunk with absinthe, but there was no maudlin cry upon the street, and there were not the reeling, howling drunkards you will find in New York and London. Italy is also a wine drinking country and it stands on about the same level as France as regards to drunkenness. In Egypt up to late years very little drinking was done and the drunkenness of Egypt has been introduced by the European. The tenets of Mohammedanism are very strict against drunkenness, but the young Egyptians of the better class wish to imitate Europeans, and in Cairo and Alexandria you will find the same character of café chantants or drinking places connected with concerts which you find in Paris and Vienna.

Speaking of Vienna, the Austrians are on a par with the other German nations as beer drinkers. The Vienna beer is excellent. It is light, foamy and pleasant in taste and you will find it on draught in all the great cities in Europe. The Bavarian beer is also very fine, and there is a brewery in Munich under the patronage of the crown. This brewery has been managed for several hundred years by the government and it is one of the queerest drinking places in Europe. There is not much style, and you drink your beer in a kind of cellar which is entered by a paved courtyard in which are also tables and seats. Every one waits upon himself in the cellar of this Munich brewery. The beer mugs stand on a row of shelves and any one who wishes a mug of beer must pick up one of these mugs wash and clean it himself and carry it to the counter. Behind this several men are drawing beer from barrels. The drinker lays down about five cents and the mug is filled for him. It holds about three pints and he carries it off to hunt a table where he can sit down and enjoy it. All classes are on a par in this brewery, and ladies and their servants, nobles and peasant pay the same for their beer in this "Hofbrauhaus. In the spring of the year the bock beer is sold and this is a great time for drinking in Munich. Every one goes to the "Hofbrauhaus" and drinks mug after mug of the Bavarian lock and this drinking keeps up till the beer is exhausted. It is wonderful how much the people drink and that with it all you see no drunkenness to speak of. Children are given beer to drink and I have wondered at times as to whether the amount of beer drunk by them or their parents has not something to do with the large number of bow-legged children in Germany. Certain it is that more bow-legged young ones are found in Germany and the Scotch cities than anywhere else in Europe.

In this matter of drinking and smoking one gets closer to the great men of the past than in any other way. I have had some queer experiences in hunting out such haunts. In a late letter I told you of the noted port wine of "The Cock" in London, which Tennyson celebrated. I have visited Auerbach's keller in Leipsic where some of the scenes in Goethe's "Faust" are laid, and I have looked with interest upon the beer mug of Martin Luther in the Johanneum museum in Dresden. It held about a quart, and it was on a mug of Luther's that the following German words were inscribed:

Wer liebt nicht wein, weib und gesang
Der bleibt ein narr sein leben lang—

which translated means:

Who loves not woman, wine and song
Remains a fool his whole life long.

I saw another drinking vessel of Luther's at the Wartburg castle, which was used while he was working here upon the translation of the Bible, and which I believe is the identical one which he is said to have thrown at the head of the devil when he tormented him. At Salzburg, in southern Bavaria, where Mozart was born and where Haydn wrote some of his finest music, I visited the noted wine cellar known as the "Stifts Keller," and found a crowd of one hundred well dressed men and women chatting now as a similar crowd did years ago, when Mozart and Haydn drank among them of equally good wines and perhaps at an equally cheap price of five cents a pint. In Scotland this summer I took a mug of ale at Tam O'Shanter's inn in the village of Ayr, where Robert Burns drank years ago and where Tam and Souter Johnny began their drinking bout which started Tam upon his adventures past Alloway kirk. The old room is the same now as it was then, and the same old tables and rude furniture remain. The ceiling is low and everything is smoked, but the old drinking place honors the man who made it famous. Pictures of Burns hang upon its walls and there is a statue of Burns within it. It has an old fireplace. A long table runs through its center, and old chairs and benches are scattered about it. It is not hard to repeople it with the jovial crowd of the poet's, and I could almost see the rosy cheeks of Robert Burns as he roared out one of those songs which have since made that part of Scotland so famous.

The American bar has become a great feature of Europe. It is usually a fraud and is an excuse for charging high prices for poor liquors. You often see the sign in England: "American bar. All drinks one shilling." And the rule is that you pay twenty-five cents for the article which at the English bar across the way you get for eight or ten cents. At the American bars mixed drinks are sold but seldom beer. They are patronized by American travelers who have more money than sense, and on their bills of fare they have all sorts of ridiculous titles for drinks such as "Beauty's breath," etc. Many of the bartenders in England are women, and this is also the custom in Germany. I have seen women drawing beer in Scotland who had as good faces as to beauty and refinement as you will find in a Sabbath day's journey, and it seems to be the rule in both Great Britain and in Germany to pick out pretty girls for barmaids. FRANK GEORGE CARPENTER.

A pen-worn writer says: "And now, soon this year, God willing—I shall stop writing, and, in a small way, take up the law again. For a man who writes constantly cannot think much, and a man who does not think much ought not to have much to say. There is a disposition to selfishness and egotism in writing that is ruinous to all men. A man who makes a profession of writing poetry ought to die early; for if he lives long he will surely suffer deeply. Besides all that, the field of legitimate poetry is so small that no man ought to try to make his bread, much less maintain others, on it. * * * Other immortal gods of song have selected war and celebrated a lot of cruel butchers through all the ages, sowing dragons' teeth in every sounding syllable. I would starve first. * * * And then, with the Bible, Shakespeare and the Brownings, the world is not greatly in need of more poetry, but it is greatly in need of more fruit, more flowers and more beautiful gardens."

SOME NEW HOUSES.

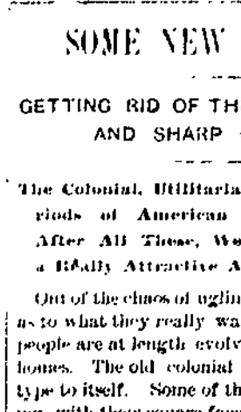
GETTING RID OF THE FLAT FRONT AND SHARP CORNER.

The Colonial, Utilitarian and Crazy Periods of American House Building. After All These, We are Developing a Really Attractive Architecture.

Out of the chaos of ugliness and uncertainty as to what they really wanted the American people are at length evolving some beautiful homes. The old colonial architecture was a type to itself. Some of the houses yet standing, with their square face and peaked roofs, are really picturesque under the softening influence of two centuries, and with the old trees around them.

After that came the utilitarian period in our architecture. A house was a place to eat and sleep in and to be protected from the weather in. Besides, immediately after the revolution there was so much work to do that people had no time to think of anything else. The citizens of our young republic had a new continent to conquer, all their own, and they were impatient to be at work. After that came the crazy period, when we tried to do something and could not. We are at length coming out of that stage.

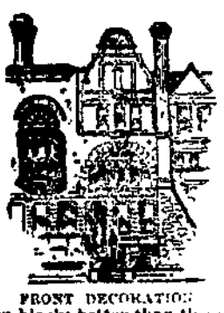
The picture of the Boston mansion shows what American houses have grown to in most recent times. Part of a double residence in Beacon street appears in the illustration. The whole building is constructed in a way worth noting here. Two well to do citizens wish to make homes on adjacent lots. The hideous old fashion of building a "block" of houses so alike that one may easily mistake his neighbor's door for his own, is properly hateful to both. They lay their heads together, and consult skilled architects. They plan and build a sort of co-operative structure. On the outside it looks like all one house—large, stately, and imposing as a castle. Inside it is separated into two complete homes, more thoroughly separate even than the ugly old "blocks." Heaven grant those rows of meaningless buildings, with dark rooms all through the center, will some day quite disappear from American cities.



A BOSTON HOME.

In New York architecture has taken a surprising flight in recent years. That quarter of the city which is now growing most rapidly is the West side, so called.

In the second illustration are seen the attempts of the Yankee intellect to adorn and disguise the flat front of honored time. The attempt is not half a bad stagger either. The plan of the building in the first picture is the the best, however, for connected houses. The house is extremely pleasing to the eye, at the same time it answers every purpose of the old dark room blocks better than these themselves did. These houses can thus be very well constructed to look like one. With more than that, there would perhaps be a difficulty, though not an insurmountable one. For semi-suburban homes, where a little strip of side yard can be left now and then, these clusters of two and three houses together will be both picturesque and convenient for people who are not rich enough to have a yard all to themselves. Such clusters add to the pleasing effect of the half country landscape, relieving the dull flabbiness.



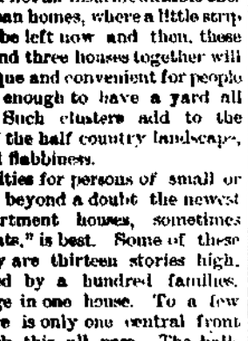
FRONT DECORATION.

For homes in cities for persons of small or moderate means, beyond a doubt the newest fashion of apartment houses, sometimes called "French flats," is best. Some of these in New York city are thirteen stories high, and are occupied by a hundred families. They are a village in one house. To a few best of them there is only one central front entrance; through this all pass. The halls run parallel with the street, which is much the better way for so large a building. There need thus be no dark rooms.

Still another ideal of front ornamentation is exhibited in the third picture. It, too, shows the steadfast attempt to get away from the bald, flat front. Every such attempt is to be condemned. In this instance it has been quite successful. The house shown is a new one in New York city, west of Central park, and not far from the Hudson river. This part of the great city is almost the only one in which vacant building spaces are yet left, and these are now filling rapidly. The houses being constructed here are for families of moderate means. They are three stories with mansard roof, many of them, and connected, but there is everywhere the endeavor to give picturesqueness and variety to the exterior.

FRONT OF HOUSE.

It has only recently dawned on us, apparently, that rich and beautiful architectural ornaments can be made of just plain brick clay, red, yellow and other colors. It can be molded and baked into any shape. For cornices and windows and doors, for walls themselves, nothing can be richer or more tasteful. Along with the endeavor to relieve the flat front has come a most commendable desire to do away with the sharp corner. So should it be alike with the sharp corners in our houses and in our characters. The last picture is an architectural success in corners. A tower can always be constructed which will break at least one sharp edge of a house. In its construction the terra cotta ornamentation alluded to can be very effectively employed.



A CORNER.

Bricks will soon be made of any shade desired, a process having been found of mixing the coloring matter with the wet clay before burning. Besides, no country has so many varieties of beautiful natural colored clays as ours. Some handsome houses have lately been constructed of straw colored brick, with dark red or brownish green ornamentation for window caps, doors and cornices.

SCIENCE OF FASTING

AS EXPOUNDED BY A MAN WHO FASTED FORTY-FIVE DAYS.

Mr. John Griscom Thinks a Thirty Days Fast an Insignificant Matter—Succi and His Elixir—Fasting as a Remedial Agent.

Learning that Mr. John Griscom, who fasted forty-five days in Chicago in 1881, was in town, a reporter from this paper called on him for a talk on the subject. He said that in the last twenty years since he made the subject a special study, he has fasted at least fifty times, the periods being all the way from two and three weeks to thirty days, besides his celebrated fast of forty-five days which is the longest time on record.

"In fact, I have fasted these periods so many times," he added, "that I consider a fast of twenty-five or thirty days as an insignificant matter. For such a period it requires no special effort or endurance—it is consistent—for there is no apparent change in a person who goes at it in the right way nor any depletion. From my experience I regard it as a natural thing, and as easy to fast twenty-five or thirty day as three days. I have often gone without food for twenty-one days, and have shown no sign of having gone without a meal."

"What about others you know of who have fasted?"

"Well, there is Dr. E. P. Miller, of this city, who tells me he fasted twenty-three days, and the people in the hotel where he was living did not know of it. He kept at his work right along and it did not affect him at all. This is entirely contrary to Tanner's fast, over which so much was made here, which was one of supreme endurance. Another man whom I have met who fasted was a very unusual and remarkable case. He went by the name of Budd Henry. He was captured by the Indians and put in a cave where his surroundings were so disagreeable that he could not eat a mouthful. He fasted in this way thirty-nine and three-quarter days before he effected his escape. A remarkable result followed. He developed a wonderful mental capacity and astonished every one by it. But this was an entirely exceptional case.

SUCCI AND HIS ELIXIR.

"What do I think of Succi and his elixir, a drop of which enables him to fast forty-eight hours? Though I think such a thing would be a very beneficial discovery, I take no stock in it. As to Fisher, whose elixir it is claimed will enable other people to fast, I think what he attributes to the effect of his elixir, is due simply to a belief that it makes fasting uninjurious. It is a matter of fact that a person does feel better after a fast of forty-eight hours. It is true that a craving for food will take place in this time, because the system is in the habit of taking food, but after that the sensation does not occur.

"The application of all this is the enlistment of all the intellectual faculties. A person to fast through the will power, not believing it is right, would destroy the nervous system in two or three days. But if there is a full belief that it can be done, without harm, one can do it easily. The trouble is the majority of people believe that it can't be done, and thus people frighten themselves to death rather than starve to death. I never found, until I fasted, a human being—doctors or anybody else—who thought it at all probable such a thing could be done. Even now leading physicans insist that it can't be done. For years I have given the subject special study, and I believe it is time now, in the renewed agitation of the subject, to make the application. Either fasting is a good thing or it isn't. This is the secret that physicians, physiologists and scientists have not found out yet."

A GREAT REMEDIAL AGENT.

"Suppose the prejudice against fasting to be removed, what will be the practical results?"

"It would be shown to be the greatest remedial agent known. It would be the means of killing incipient diseases and effect remarkable cures. With the prejudice against fasting wholly removed any one in the enjoyment of perfect health, could fast two or three weeks without inconvenience. But if a man should fast simply as an experiment, without a full belief that he could do it, he would kill himself. My own life was saved by fasting. I don't look like a very sick man now, do I? and yet all I eat a day is a small loaf of bread and some fruit, with two or three cups of coffee. (Mr. Griscom is a large, well built man, weighing over 200 pounds, and has a ruddy healthy look.)

"I walk five or ten miles a day, have a clear head and never a thought of hunger. I have got to prefer this way of living, and find it amply sufficient. From this I am convinced that people would be a good deal healthier if they should eat less."

"Are you willing to demonstrate these ideas to the public."

"I have gotten through with fasting, and had almost forgotten about my long fast until the attention now being called to the subject recalled it to me, and I would not undertake to fast again unless it should become important in the interests of science to do so. Even then I should want everything about the experiment to be thoroughly respectable and to be invited to do so by the best authority. If it seemed necessary to get at the truth, as compared with elixir business, then I would be willing to put myself entirely under scientific care for, say, thirty days' fast, regarding which physiologists might make their own conditions provided they were reputable men."—New York Mail and Express.

Picture of Puget Sound.

Puget sound lies like a hand with its fingers stretching in and out of the shores that come plumply down to meet it on every side. It is a very well kept hand, neat around its edges. I never saw salt water and land agree so well before.—Kate Field's Letter.

Hugo's First Poetry.

When Victor Hugo carried his first manuscript of poetry to a publisher it was handed back to him unread, "because poetry was a drug on the market." It proved to be a sorry blunder for the publisher."

Wagner's Memory.

Wagner's memory is to be honored by yearly musical festivals at Bayreuth. A society of six men and six women has been formed in Germany for this purpose, and they will each contribute $1,000 a year to the fund for a period of five years.—Kansas City Times.

Connecticut is said to be the only state east of Nebraska where an attempt at suicide is not a legal misdemeanor.

A Novel Moonshine Distillery.

Deputy Collector Fite and Deputy Marshal Scott made the most novel raid ever made in this district the other night.

As is known, Paulding county has furnished a larger number of illicit distilleries recently than any other county. Stills have been pulled thick and fast in that county and a large number of men arrested. Thursday night the officers named above concluded they would try their hand in Paulding. Going to Cartersville, they put out through the country walking. At a small place near Cartersville they heard of a neighborhood distillery, and securing a guide, they set out for the place. Through the woods and over the hills the officers plodded until the corn juice maker was reached. Under the base of a large rock on the mountain side they found a neat little still house, but the outfit for making the fluid was a very novel one. Fitted down in the furnace was a ten gallon washpot, rusty and worn from use, the arm of the cap was made out of a piece of hickory and the worm was the old barrel of an army musket. The mash tub was a small dry goods box, and three old churns were used as beer barrels. The pot was broken to pieces, but Deputy Collector Fite kept the worm (the gun barrel) and says he believes it is the last worm which will be used in Paulding county in some time.

"Now, how many gallons of liquor could they make in that kind of a machine in a week?" asked the reporter of Deputy Collector Fite.

"About twenty," was the reply.

"Worth how much?"

"Two dollars a gallon to the neighbors, and I suppose it was a neighborhood affair."—Atlanta Constitution.

The "War Library" in Berlin.

One of the sights of Berlin (a sight more known, perhaps, to strangers than to natives) is the Kriegsbibliothek, which contains all known works printed during and since the war of 1870 and 1871 having direct relation to that campaign. The extensive collection of books and pamphlets is remarkably interesting. The works range from the portly volumes compiled by the general staff to two page descriptions of single battles and sieges. The war reports of foreign correspondents are of especial value, as they include versions coming from the opposite camps. There are, moreover, maps and plans of all battlefields, with representations of marches and sieges, also collections of debates in the Reichstag, diplomatic documents, etc. Biographies of princes, generals, and other prominent personages who figure in the history of the period, and great bundles of poetry and musical compositions are also to be found in the library, while photographic reproductions of paintings bearing upon the war are contained in numerous portfolios. Caricatures and humorous pictures form not the least interesting part of the collection.—German Newspaper.

Rare Modesty.

Queen Margaret of Italy has been spending a fortnight at Courmayeur, a watering place in Savoy. An administrative ukase has prohibited the admission of the public to the baths during the visits of her majesty. The queen was greatly surprised to find herself all alone in the establishment, and when told the reason she eagerly protested, saying: "It is very dull being in the water without any one to talk to, and the chances are that you do not stay in the proper length of time." The prohibition was then canceled and the baths opened to the general public, but no lady ventured to enter the establishment in the presence of her majesty, and the authorities were at last compelled to distribute free tickets of admission among a number of respectable schoolgirls, that they might divert the distinguished patient while using the waters.—Corriere di Torino.

Only Wanted to Be Measured.

Seedy Individual—I would like to get measured for a suit.

Fashionable Tailor (suspiciously)—At about what price, sir.

Seedy Individual—That makes no difference.

Fashionable Tailor (as before)—We generally require a deposit from unknown parties.

Seedy Individual (calmly)—I do not wish you to make the suit. It has been so long since I enjoyed this experience that I simply wish to get measured.—Philadelphia Call.

When to Eat Fruit.

The real place of fruit is at the beginning of a feast, and not at the end. A better plan is to make a meal of bread and ripe fruit. The best meals to make thus are breakfast, lunch, or early tea. The bread should be brown and dry and the fruit ripe and raw. Dry brown bread cleans the tongue and brings out the flavor of the fruit. Butter on the bread would give its own flavor, for even the salt in the butter would destroy the pure taste of the fruit. Again, the fruit should be raw, if possible, as many delicious odors and delicate flavors are lost in the cooking.—Chicago Tribune.

Substitute for Tracheotomy.

The operation of tracheotomy, by which an opening is made with the knife into the windpipe fo the relief of membranous croup and diphtheria, seems likely to be superseded by the intubation of the larynx. In this new operation a small tube is inserted through the mouth into the windpipe, and all necessity for a cutting operation is thus avoided. It is claimed by the advocates of this method of treatment that it is far easier to introduce this tube than to perform tracheotomy, and that more lives are saved than by the old operation.—Science.

Inventor of the Cowcatcher.

On West Broad street, Columbus, O., is the shop of L. B. Davies, the inventor of the locomotive cowcatcher. He was born in Kennebec county, Me., and is now well on in years. He spends his time in studying books on mechanics and designing iron work. He is far from wealthy. Like most inventors, he had not the nack of profiting financially by his mechanical genius.—New York World.

A Curious Transformation.

French surnames are often translated or corrupted when the owners come to Americans. One of the curious changes is M. Antoine [illegible] Mr. Oughtney Jangrew. A [illegible] teacher wrote down a [illegible] understood the [illegible] sequently the whole [illegible] came "Jangraw."—[illegible]

The Princess Elisabeth, of Saxe-Weimar, who has just been married to the grand duke of Mecklenburg, bears the reputation of being one of the most beautiful and accomplished women on the continent. She is tall and graceful, with blue eyes and golden hair. She speaks English, French, Italian and Spanish as easily as she does German, and her musical powers are so great that Liszt called her his "best pupil."

BILL NYE AS A BOY.

He Recalls the Days of Childhood and Turnips.

If I were a boy again, endowed with the same wild passion for plucking watermelons in the dark of the moon, I would no doubt fall a victim to that overmastering passion as I did before; but looking at it as I do now, I would be wiser. Boys cannot, however, have the mature judgment of manhood without the experience and the rheumatism that go with it. So it is better that in our childhood we may be able to eat a raw turnip with safety and know something later on in life.

I notice a great change in myself while comparing my present condition with that of joyous boyhood. Then I had no sense, but I had a good digestion. Now I haven't even the digestion.

The hurrying years have cavorted over my sunny head till they have worn it smooth, but they have left a good deal yet for me to learn. I am still engaged in learning during the day and putting arnica on my experience at night.

Childhood is said to be the most gladsome period in our lives, and in some respects this statement may be regarded as reliable, but it is not all joy. I have had just as much fun in later years as I did in boyhood, though the people with whom I have been thrown in contact claim that their experience has been different. I hope they do not mean anything personal by that.

I do sometimes wish that I could be a boy again, but I smother that wish on account of my parents. What they need most is rest and change of scene. They still enjoy children, but they would like a chance to select the children with whom they associate.

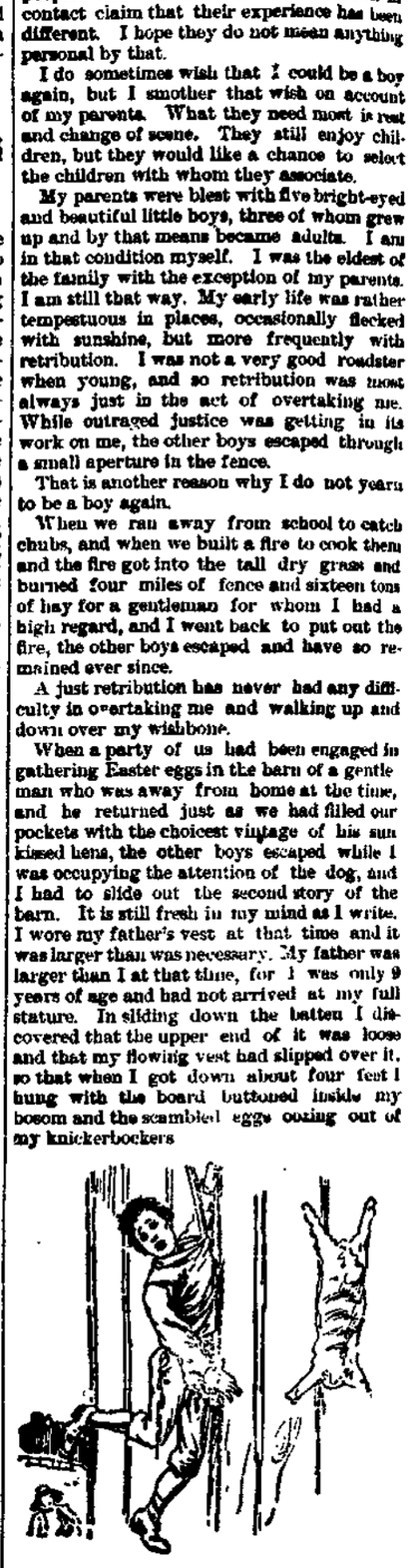
My parents were blest with five bright-eyed and beautiful little boys, three of whom grew up and by that means became adults. I am in that condition myself. I was the eldest of the family with the exception of my parents. I am still that way. My early life was rather tempestuous in places, occasionally flecked with sunshine, but more frequently with retribution. I was not a very good roadster when young, and so retribution was most always just in the act of overtaking me. While outraged justice was getting in its work on me, the other boys escaped through a small aperture in the fence.

That is another reason why I do not yearn to be a boy again.

When we ran away from school to catch chubs, and when we built a fire to cook them and the fire got into the tall dry grass and burned four miles of fence and sixteen tons of hay for a gentleman for whom I had a high regard, and I went back to put out the fire, the other boys escaped and have so remained ever since.

A just retribution has never had any difficulty in overtaking me and walking up and down over my wishbone.

When a party of us had been engaged in gathering Easter eggs in the barn of a gentleman who was away from home at the time, and he returned just as we had filled our pockets with the choicest vintage of his sun kissed hens, the other boys escaped while I was occupying the attention of the dog, and I had to slide out the second story of the barn. It is still fresh in my mind as I write. I wore my father's vest at that time and it was larger than was necessary. My father was larger than I at that time, for I was only 9 years of age and had not arrived at my full stature. In sliding down the batten I discovered that the upper end of it was loose and that my flowing vest had slipped over it, so that when I got down about four feet I hung with the board buttoned inside my bosom and the scambled eggs oozing out of my knickerbockers.



NYE IN SUSPENSE.

The batten had sprung back against the barn in such a way as to prevent my unbuttoning my vest, and while I hung there on the side of the barn, like a coon skin, the proprietor came around and accused me of prematurely gathering his eggs.

I had heard truth very highly spoken of by people who had dabbled in it more or less, and so I resolved to try it in this instance. So I admitted that such was the case, and it was the best thing I could have done, for the man said as I had been so frank with him he would take me down as soon as he got his other work done, and he was as good as his word. After he had milked nine cows and fed nine calves he came round with a ladder and took me down. He also spanked me and set the dog on me, but I did not mind that, for I was accustomed to it. To hang on the side of a barn, however, like an autumn leaf, trying to kick large holes in the atmosphere, is disagreeable.

This incident cast a gloom over my whole life. It has also reconciled me to the awful decree that I can never be a boy again.—Bill Nye in Boston Globe.

Facetiæ.

THE CORRECT METHOD.

Lady (to applicant for cook's place)—Did I understand you to say that your name is Brown?

Applicant—Yis, mum; Browne wid de "e."

MAKING SLOW TIME.

"I've been on this road ten years," said the conductor on a southern railroad to a passenger who complained of the slow time, "an' I know what I'm talking about."

"Ten years, eh!" said the passenger. "What station did you get on at?"

STRIKING A SYMPATHETIC CHORD.

Miss Clara (with a sigh)—Do you know, Mr. Featherly, that for some unknown reason I feel very blue to-night?

Mr. Featherly (anxious to say the proper thing, but somewhat at a loss)—Well—er—Miss Clara, blue, you know, is very becoming to your complexion.—Harper's Bazar.

A Mother's Parting Word.

"And above all, Nellie, my love," were the parting words of a lady to her daughter, as the cab to convey the newly wedded pair to the station drew up at the door, "above all, Nellie, if you should quarrel—for Reginald is but a man, and life is full of thorns—remember that your first duty is to yourself as a lady and a housekeeper. Never hit your husband with a rolling pin or a potato masher. You could never forgive yourself if the result of such a blow was to be the appearance of a hair at the table in a dish of mashed potatoes or a pie crust when you had company at dinner. The poker will do quite as well, and is infinitely more ladylike. Good-by. Write every day, and don't forget your poor old ma. Boo-hoo!"—Maverick.

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